THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You are nothing at all to me now, you know—
No more than I am to you;
And I write my rhyme of a year agone,
As I'd read an old story through.
A foolish rhyme of a foolish time, when I
Like a fool believed what you said;
When you vowed to be true, you remember it, don't you?
Till the grass should grow over your head.

Nothing at all to me now,—nothing;
And a year ago to-day,
If one had said I should live to write this,
I'd have wept my life away.
When we walked in the graveyard, by the blue lake—
Queer how silly people will be,
While the trees whispered love to the murmuring lake,
And you—whispered love to me.

Well, love vows which are made in a graveyard
Very naturally break, I trow;
A ghastly farce, wasn't it? making love there,
And the play is played out now.
Only I noticed that day, I can scarcely tell why,
An odd thing to come into my head—
That the grass is greener than anywhere else,
And richer that covers the dead.

Not that I've in my heart any grave of dead love. Not I!
For I tore it living out,
And I burnt it alive with your letters,
And I watched it writhing about.
My love and your letters together!
What a famous bright blaze they fed!
The letters were smoke, and the love was gas,—
Nothing more remains to be said.

Nothing. But I burnt me a little, I think,
I cannot really say;
But at times I've a little pain in my heart,
Where the live love was torn away.
What am I talking of? Bah! It's not so!
There's a balm which works wonderful cures,
Its name is Pride, and my broken heart
Is about as much broken as—*yours*.

It doesn't surprise me that you were so false.
Not at all.
Men are all very much like you;
But a wonder indeed it would be to me,
To find that a man could be true.
And still the fool that a woman is,—
She'll believe every word you men say,
Though your vows they be false as the April wind,
And fleeting as snowflakes in May.

For myself, I'm well over such nonsense. I've learned
My lesson from end to end.
It's woman's grand lesson to cheat the whole world,—
It's very easy, friend.
So. And I've learned it as well as the best; but yet
I'm puzzled to know why or how
I still keep at this tiresome thinking of one
Who is nothing at all to me now. ZIG.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

About the middle of the last century, the English colonists in America, with somewhat meagre assistance from home, were trying with France, in a practical way, the question, "Who shall be supreme in the West, France or England?"

The difficulty lay here; France possessed Canada and Louisiana, the extreme inhabitable portions of the Continent. It occurred to her Government, not unnaturally, that it would be an extremely convenient thing, for several reasons, but, particularly, as tending to preserve a proper balance of power—in her favor—to take possession of all that lay between, West of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Unfortunately, it occurred to the British Government, at the same time, especially to those representatives of it who were on the spot, that it would be an extremely inconvenient thing for them to be hemmed in, in this manner, especially as they had a strong impression that their right to control lands to which neither of them had any right whatever, was, at least, equal to that of France.

This little misunderstanding they had made various attempts to settle after the fashion of boys determining the question of ownership in a hatful of stolen apples—viz: Fight it out, and the best fellow take all.

There had been a good deal of skirmishing in the way of inroads and incursions into each others' territory, some taking of towns and destruction of crops and cattle, on both sides, all of which amounted to nothing decisive as to the main question, which they left just as unsettled as it had been all along.

While matters were in this uncomfortable situation, a young man, of whom I shall have a good deal to say, before I have done, was seated in the library of an old-fashioned English manor-house, in the midst of a group of friends who were passing with him his last evening at home.

Philip Morton, the young man aforesaid, was then about twenty-one years of age, of middle height, with a round, good-humored face, which no sorrow had yet worn and hardened, the fresh, ruddy complexion which seems indigenous to Englishmen, blue eyes and light, crisp brown hair. He was of slender make, but with a development of muscle and hardness of fibre which promised a good deal more weight, when he should arrive at middle age, than he now possessed.

These physical advantages, Philip was about to carry to America, in company with a lieutenant's commission in his Blessed Majesty's artillery, purposing to give the benefits thereof to the benighted colonists.

It was his last night at home, and there was a sorrowful party assembled in the library at Beechwold.

The group consisted of Philip Morton, his father, a broad, portly, hale old man, his mother, stout, comfortable and housekeeper-ey in appearance, his two sisters, pretty, fresh, lady-like looking girls, one about two years older than himself, the other about eighteen, and a young man, about his own age, an old chum at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford, who had come down from London to see the last of him, he said, nothing more.

It was not the first time by a good many, however, that he had been there, and I am afraid that this assertion, that he had *no* other reason for coming, might have involved him in a little difficulty with his conscience if he had listened to it.

It had occurred to him once or twice before—a mere passing thought, you know—that Carrie (they didn't spell it so then, but I intend to, for I like it better,) the younger sister was quite a nice, pretty little girl; a mere child of course, but still—well, not now; I can't stop to talk about it.

He was a very different looking fellow from Philip; taller, slighter, dark-complexioned, with a rather thin face, aquiline nose, made of bone and cartilage, not of fat, keen black eyes and black hair hanging in thick wavy masses around his head and face.

As I have said he was about Philip's age; but his dark skin and thinnish face, together with a cool, self-reliant manner, but altogether gentlemanly, and which indicated a rather deeper knowledge of the world, made him appear several years older than his friend. His name was Walter Sexton.

He, as well as Philip, was commissioned to kill people who had never injured him, though in a different way; for whereas the former expected to kill them against their will, and give them a fair chance to return the compliment, if they could, the latter expected to do it by taking advantage of sick peoples' unsuspecting innocence and plying them with pills and draughts and powders from his bottles, until such as did not get well in spite of them, should give up the ghost in sheer weariness and disgust.

The evening passed, as such evenings usually do, in general conversation, sometimes upon the subject that had called them together, but oftener on topics that had no special relation to it; for under such circumstances people are apt to think more than to talk of the matter of which their hearts are full.

With the first gray of the morning, Philip was out to take his last plunge in the little river that skirted Beechwold, and to visit, one by one, all the spots about the dear old place which were associated with his boyish fancies and attachments, and take what might be his last farewell of them.

And as he passed from one to another, the vague forebodings, which will attack the coolest of us, when about to leave old and tried scenes and associations for new and untried ones, oppressed him; and the thought occurred to him, whether, after all, he was not better off at home.

I doubt if any man, especially if unused to travelling, ever left his home, even for a journey of a hundred miles, without being conscious of a momentary shrinking, before the bustle of departure began; a feeling of extraordinary contentment with his present circumstances.

Philip was returning towards the house, busy with such feelings as these, and in a musing, rather absent mood, when he was startled, just as he had passed a corner of the hedge-row which bordered the lane leading from the house to the river, by a sudden exclamation from a female voice, accompanied by a slight movement of feet.

Looking up, he found that he had almost run against his sister Carrie and Sexton, who had come out at this unseasonable hour—to hear the larks, I suppose.

There was a very pretty, bright color upon Carrie's cheeks, too; showing the invigorating and bracing effects of an early morning walk; showing them to a remarkable extent, too, for not only were her cheeks rosy, but her forehead, and the tips of her pretty little pink-shell ears, which peeped out through a mass of light-brown curls, and her neck to where the collar of her neat morning-dress encircled it, were all in a glow.

I should have said it was the flush of the early sunlight upon her, if they had not all been standing in the shadow of the thick hedge, which, in its turn, stood in the shadow of the thicker clouds behind which the sun was shining away to no purpose.

At any rate, there she stood, extremely rosy and extremely embarrassed, while Sexton stood by her side, as cool as though he, instead of Philip, had just taken a bath, and, except for a slight nervous tapping of the toe of his boot with a light switch, apparently as free from any embarrassment, as if his arm had not just been withdrawn from his pretty little companion's waist.

"What's put you in a brown study, Phil?" said he: "a little more, and we might have walked over you, and damaged his Majesty's Lieutenant irreparably."

"I was thinking," said Philip; "I've been making parting calls on all my old dumb friends around the place; but what brings you two out at this unearthly time of day? Looking for me, I suppose?" he added, with a quizzical look at his sister; "eh!"

"Well, not exactly that," said Sexton. "I think a good deal of you; nearly as much as I do of myself; but I was looking for something, this morning, that I care for 'no end' more, as we used to say at school, than for either of us."

"Have you found it?"

"Yes," said Sexton, taking Carrie's right hand in his, and placing his left arm around her waist again, and quietly drawing her to his side, and looking down at her face, his black eyes and his usually rather stern features softening with a look of tenderness, of which any one who knew only one side of his character, would have supposed them incapable. "Yes," he added, looking again at Philip, "I found it, just before we met you; shall I keep it, Phil?"

"Oh! that's what you've been hunting, is it?" said, Philip, dryly. "Come here, Baby"—the name by which, as the youngest, Carrie had been always designated—"come here," he added, drawing her towards him, and kissing her; "are you willing he should keep what he's found?"

"If you, and father and mother, and all, are willing," she whispered, hiding her face on his shoulder; "he loves me so much!"

"And you don't love him at all, eh?" whispered her brother, smiling.

"Oh, brother Phil!" she exclaimed. "I—"

"There, there," he interrupted, "don't tell tales out of school; don't you see how bashful Walt looks!" pointing to Sexton, who certainly showed no visible symptoms of that very disagreeable complaint. "It's just as I would have had it if I had been planning for you; but come in to breakfast. I believe this peculiar phase of insanity is not considered good for the appetite, and I don't suppose either of you is hungry just now, but *I am*."

And so they went in.

Two hours afterwards, the family carriage was on its way to London. By dusk the next evening, it was at home again, and Philip Morton was out upon the wide ocean, watching, from the quarter-deck, the clouds of straining canvas that were speeding him away from home.

Philip had sailed in the spring; during the summer and the following autumn, Sexton contrived to run away from his patients several times, and visit Beechwold, to see if they had heard from "Phil."

On one of these occasions, however, he broached another matter to Mr. Morton, disturbing him one afternoon just after dinner, when the old gentleman was settling himself for his nap. With an inward groan, the old gentleman resigned his snooze, called in "mother" to the conference, and the three had a long confab in which the affair was settled to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned, Carrie included, who had been called in at the close, and her fate announced to her, as formally as if the little witch had not known it perfectly well before.

You will pardon me, dear lady, (supposing you do me the honor to read this rough-and-tumble story,) for having omitted the numerous passages "at arms," &c., between Sexton and Carrie which led to this result, and for having jumped to the result itself in the foregoing masterly way. I think I have said, somewhere else, what a terribly poor hand I am at describing love passages; indeed, I question whether any but a woman *can* describe them as they should be described, and I am not a woman, but a man, with gray in my hair, and a big, grizzled beard, and verging hard upon—several years older than you, probably.

Sexton, however, was not quite ready to marry, just yet.

As a general thing, men in England, do not rush into the responsibilities of matrimony at such tender years as they do in this country; and Sexton had his living to make. So they were contented to go on for the present, in hope; and as nothing worth telling occurred, as to them, within the next two years, we will just jump over them, to the time when Sexton and Philip met again under the circumstances detailed in the following chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Time, an October noon, A. D. 1754. Scene, the forest on the right bank of the Susquehanna river, looking towards where Harrisburg now stands, and nearly opposite the spot where old John Harris, its founder, years before, had so nearly come to grief at the hands of a gang of drunken Indians.

The trees grew thickly down to the bluff which rose from near the water's edge, with but little undergrowth among them, thanks to the Indians' custom of burning it off periodically.

The leaves had not yet begun to fall much, but were just assuming the many-hued dress which renders the forest landscape of America, in autumn, the most gorgeous in its beauty of anything the world can produce.

On this October day were seated, among the branches of a fallen hickory tree which lay near the edge of the bluff, Philip Morton, ex-lieutenant of his Britannic Majesty's forces, now in his first Freshman course as a student of woodcraft, and Eli Flint, ranger, scout, and professor in general in the college which Morton had just entered.

They had evidently been engaged in the pleasant duty of eating dinner, (not "dining,"—that is a matter of civilization, involving tablecloths, silver forks, dress coats, &c.,) for, at a short distance from them, near the trunk of the tree, smouldered the remains of a fire, over which leaned a stout, sharp-pointed stick which was driven into the ground beside it, and had supported for roasting over the fire, woodman-fashion, two or three ribs of venison, whose dilapidated remains, closely picked, lay in a large piece of bark placed upon a branch just in front of them.

Philip Morton, civilized, I have already described; Philip Morton, *decivilized*, (if I may take the liberty of supplying a word which I believe the lexicographers have forgotten,) had undergone some alterations. The blue eyes and crisp, light brown hair remained, but a graver and sterner expression appeared, especially in the now habitually compressed lips and the hard lines around the mouth, than had belonged to the once flexible, good-humored face; the fresh, ruddy complexion had been tanned by sun and wind, till it was nearly the same color as the hair above it; his frame was broader and more firmly knit, and in his present garb, a hunting-shirt of green, plentifully-befringed, close-fitting deer-skin leggings, through which the working of the hard muscles was plainly visible as one leg swung carelessly to and fro beneath his perch, the knife and tomahawk stuck in his belt, and the short jager rifle which leaned against a branch within reach of his hand, he bore little resemblance to the trim artillery officer of two years before.

The marks of his army training still clung to him, showing themselves in the carriage of his head, the shoulders well braced back, the light foraging cap drawn squarely down over his brow, and a way he had of spinning upon his heel when turning in his walk.

His companion was a much older man, probably fifty-five years of age, but whose lean, gaunt figure and bronzed face, seamed and weather-stained by a long life of exposure, gave him the look of even greater age. He wore a plain hunting-shirt, with leggings and moccasins, all of deer-skin, and all totally innocent of any vanity of fringe, besides being of a general roughness of manufacture and hopelessness of shape, which, together with their well worn appearance, made it seem highly probable that he had been, at some remote period, his own tailor.

His rifle, a coarse, common-looking piece, in strong contrast with the gay, silver-mounted arm of the younger man, stood with its butt upon the ground, the barrel resting partly against the branch on which he sat, and partly against his knee. The stock was old and dull and battered, and showed the marks of hard service in several places where serious fractures had been neatly repaired by strong lashings of deer sinews.

The barrel, of a dull dead brown color, was of a length which would be considered preposterous in these days of Sharp's cavalry rifles with barrels of twenty inches long or so, with which we think nothing of sending one of those murderous sharp pointed projectiles, which they shoot instead of balls, through a man at half a mile off.

But when Eli Flint "swapped" certain peltries for old "Mehitable," as he called his rifle, it was a settled axiom that to make a long shot, you must have a long gun.

I left them sitting in the tree, with the bark trencher before them. Philip, who had been busily polishing one of the ribs, finally gave it a toss into the water, exclaiming—

"There! Eli; that empties the larder; to-morrow morning I expect Uncle Mose will give us a pair of deer's hoofs for breakfast, as the wives of the old Scottish Reivers—some of my own ancestors among them, I've no doubt—used to serve up a pair of spurs for dinner—"

"What was that for, Master Philip?"

"A broad hint that it was time to go cattle hunting over their neighbor's farms;" said Philip, dryly. "I suppose the Indians might complain that we were driving *their* cattle from *their* farms too."

"Not a bit of it!" interrupted the old man, positively; "the beasts of the 'arth was made for man, I heerd the Chaplain say one Sundy when I was at the garrison; an' it looks reasonable; if they was made for man, then, they wasn't made for Injins, eartin."

"How do you mean? Ain't Indians men?"

"Men!" echoed the old hunter, indignantly; "no they hain't; they hain't nothing but consarned bloody-minded critters; leastways the Chippawas hain't."

"That's hardly fair, Eli," said the young man; "you don't like the Chippawas."

"'Nuther would you, if you got among 'em, an' found yourself tied to a stake, as I did, worst, with a hundred of the red devils dancin' an' howling' round you, slingin' tomyhawks over your head, an' pokin' their knives about your throat to see if you'd flinch, while the fire was a-creepin' an' a-creepin' up through the green brush piled around your feet 'till your legs begun to roast. I reckon you wouldn't think they was men, nuther, a'ter you'd got away from 'em an' been chased through the woods for three or four days, with nothin' but berries to eat all the time—would you, Master Philip?"

"Not the kind of men I should want to have much to do with, certainly," said Philip, stepping off his perch to the ground, followed by the old man, "but there are no Chippawas in sight now, and I'd rather not eat one, even if we had him. I wish we could see as fine a buck as this one we've just finished, so that Uncle Mose could have something better than hoofs to give us for breakfast at the cabin to-morrow."

"I'd ruther not eat an Injin myself, if I could git anything else," said Eli, with the faintest possible approach to a grin on his rugged old face, "an'—h'st! crouch down; yonder comes our breakfast."

"Where?"

"Why, yonder; jist on the rise of the hill; peep through the leaves an' you'll see him; he's comin' down to drink."

Peering through the branches, Philip could detect the dusky form of a large buck trotting unsuspiciously down the slope towards a point which jutted out into the river a little below them.

He was still at a considerable distance: so far, indeed, that it was a little difficult for Philip's less practised eye to distinguish him amid the deep forest shadows.

"Wait 'till he gits a little nearder," said the old man, observing that Philip had cocked his rifle and was giving evidence of an intention to waste a load of good powder and ball, "wait till he gits a little nearder, an' then you kin try a crack at him with that half bar'l o' yourn, that you say'll pitch a ball five hundred yards to kill."

"So it will," said Philip, "if you can hit so far off."

"Well, well," said Eli, "I hain't sort o' got much faith in sich short contraptions, but you kin try it; if you miss, I'll be ready with old Mehitable here, an' I sort o' reckon he won't git away from both of us anyhow."

"Hadn't I better fire now?" said the young man, eagerly, as the deer by this time came fairly in sight at about two hundred yards off, "I'm afraid he'll wind us."

"No danger o' that; the wind's blowin' right from him to us, an' he won't suspicion nothin' unless he sees us; let him git down to the pint where it's open, an' then you kin take him as he's a drinkin'."

Philip waited as patiently as he could—both men crouching low behind the branches—until the deer had made his way to the extremity of the point, and, advancing his fore feet into the water bent his head to drink.

"Now, Master Philip!" whispered the old man with more of eagerness than he had yet shown, "now's your time! Take him jist behind the fore leg."

Philip raised the rifle to his shoulder with a squareness and precision of movement that showed he had not quite got rid of his notions of military drill yet, took a long, but not particularly cool aim, (for he was seized with a slight attack of "buck-fever,") and fired.

The deer started, raised his head from the water, and catching sight of the head of Philip who had sprung upon his feet to see the effect of his shot, wheeled short in his tracks and dashed along the point for the main land.

The first long spanging leap carried him half the length of the narrow tongue of land; as he made the second, Eli, who had raised himself upright, brought up his rifle and fired. The deer was in the air as the report came, but he struck the ground with his knees doubled under him, turned clear over upon his back with the impetus of his leap, and then fell upon his side, unable to rise, but kicking with all four legs furiously.

Philip drew his knife and was about to rush forward to cut his throat, but the old hunter stopped him.

"Let him alone; you can't git in now without gittin' hit by his hufs, an' they're as sharp as razors; he won't kick long; jist let him die quietly."

"I don't see how I missed him, if I *did* miss him," muttered Philip; "I never had a fairer shot—and I've hit an egg twice as far, many a time."

"I'll tell you," said Eli; "fust you had a little spell of the buck-ager; that made your hand shake; then you were so scientific an' sogery in the way you handled your rifle, that I felt sartin you were goin' to make a soger's shot of it."

"Well, you didn't bring up your rifle scientifically, at any rate," said the young man, laughing; "you stood with your feet squandering about anyhow, just as you got up on them; your left hand was too far in advance of the guard, and you pitched the piece up to your shoulder in such a loose-fisted way, that old Pipe-clay, as we used to call him, would have gone into hysterics if he had seen you. According to all sound rules, you had no business to hit that buck at all."

"But I did hit him, didn't I, Master Philip? I seen your ball a-skippin' along the water two or three hundred yards up the stream. I don't know what kind o' rules your drill-sargent mought ha' larnt you with a King's piece, but I've always reckoned the scientifickest way to hold a rifle, was the way that 'ud make it pitch its ball neardest the mark; but the buck's done kickin' now, and we'd better skin him an' see about gittin' him home afore dark."

"What a splendid pair of antlers he has," said Philip, admiringly, as they reached the now dead body of the deer. "I'll keep the head with them on it, as a trophy."

If the idea that *he* was rather better entitled to the trophy crossed Eli Flint's mind, he didn't say so, but went to work at once, with a skill that showed long practice, to skin and dress the prize.

This done, he lashed the feet together with a strong cord, of which he always carried a supply about him, and cutting a stout pole, passed it through the legs, and the two men, swaying it upon their shoulders, started for their cabin, which was about a mile distant in the woods, back from the stream.

They arrived there with aching shoulders, at least so far as regarded Philip, whose skin and muscles had not yet acquired the leathery hardness which long use and hard labor had given to those of his companion.

It was not much of a cabin when they reached it. Merely a rough bark shanty thrown up for temporary shelter, in a part of the country where there had been no Indian "sign" for three or four months, and by no means calculated to stand a siege if any hostile Indians should make their appearance. It was conical in shape, very much like an ordinary wigwam, the ground floor covered with skins of deer and bear, and the poles, of which the framework was composed, trimmed so as to leave a number of stumps of branches projecting inwards, answering the purpose of hooks or pins on which to hang rifles, powder-horns, &c. Such as were not occupied in this manner, were used to hang up their game, and such other provisions as went to make up the contents of what Philip had designated as the larder.

As the men approached the cabin with their burden, the slab of bark which answered the purpose of a door was pushed aside, and a diminutive, dried up old negro, with bushy gray hair, stepped out.

As he saw the deer, he rolled up his eyes, and smacked his lips, exclaiming: "Kil! Mas'r Philip, dat ar's suffin like! I's jis' ben a prognosticatin' what we'd do for supper dis yer blessed evenin'; kase day a'n't nuffin in de cabin to git 'um wid, an' I was 'ginnin' to git low sperited, kase I knowed you'd bofe come home desp't hungry, an' dey wan't nuffin to diluviate de bad feelins 'oop a leetle hominy."

"Well," said Philip, "did you get over your melancholy before you saw us?"

"Oh, yes, sa; I was a settin' down by de door, a scratchin my head arter a prognostication, an' all at wunst one hit me dis way: Oh, sho! you foolis' ole cullud pusson, you spose Mas'r Philip an' Eli Flint dey gwine out huntin' an' not bring nuffin home? Dey'll bring a 'possum anyhow, if de don't git nuffin bigger, an' den what a orile we'll hab! So den I felt kinder comfabler in my innards, an' jis' sot down an' waited 'till I heern ye comin'."

"Uncle Mose" had become quite an expert butcher under Eli's instructions, and by dusk had the deer nicely dissected, and some steaks broiling over a fire which he built outside the cabin, to which all three afterwards did ample justice.

By the time they had finished and smoked their pipes, made of hollowed corn-cobs with reeds stuck in them for stems, the early fall twilight had settled down into darkness. There was no moon, and but little light from the stars could make its way through the still dense foliage overhead.

Mose had occasion to go to the spring, which was about a hundred yards from the cabin, and farther within the forest, just after it had become entirely dark. He never loitered on such occasions, for he was horribly afraid to be alone in the dark, not only through dread of "Injins" and "bar" and "kyatamount," three especial enemies of his mental peace, at all times, but also of the "spooks" and other phantoms which his fancy, strongly imbued with the poetical tendency to supernaturalism belonging to his race, always saw flitting from tree to tree, or grinning and flashing their eyes with a cold, unearthly light, at him from the gloom among them.

On the present occasion, he was absent a much shorter time than usual; and when he came in, it was at the best speed he could make, minus the camp-kettle he had taken with him, his bushy hair almost unkinked, his eyes wide open, and his jaws rattling with fright like the "bones" in a darkie minstrels' orchestra.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh-at de d-d-doah!" he gasped in a terrified whisper, as soon as he could command his shaking jaws a little; "sh-shet de doah; dar's suffin up at de spring looks jis' like de debb'l, an' he's gwine cotch we, sart'n."

Both hunters sprang to their feet instantly, Eli placing the slab which answered the purpose of a door, over the opening, not with any view of trusting to anything so flimsy as a defence, but to prevent the light of the solitary candle from revealing too distinctly the position of the cabin, while Philip endeavored to soothe the terrified old negro into some kind of coherence.

"I wur a gwine along wid de kittle in my han', a-kee-pin' a sharp lookout for de spooks, but I didn't see none, 'till I got to de spring, an' stoop down to dip up de water; I hadn't got clar down, when I seed, jis' dar, right on de bank, under de big hemlock on de oder side, sich a pair o' eyes a shinin' right at me; den suffin jump right up on end, an' I seed de big eyes like saucers, an' he had two big horns on he's head, an' a tail as long as Mas'r Flint's rifle dar, a curlin' an' twistin' about, wid a blue fire on de end."

"What did you do then?" inquired Philip, who began to suspect that the old fellow's excited imagination had been playing him a more outrageous trick than usual.

"Why, I flung de empty kittle at um an' run like a black snake, sa, widout eber lookin'—dar he comes!" he exclaimed, as the sound of a dry stick cracking under the tread of something near the door, made itself heard; and, diving head-foremost into the darkest corner of the hut, rolled his head and shoulders in one of the skins on the floor, and lay there motionless. The two white men, who had seated themselves again, seized their rifles, crouched each upon one knee, and listened; the next moment the slab was quietly pushed aside, and in the opening stood a tall Indian in his war paint, and fully armed.

CHAPTER III.

The rifles of both men went up to their shoulders with a simultaneous movement that would have delighted the heart of old Pipe-clay could he have seen it; but at the same instant, the intruder raised his hand and exclaimed in broken English,

"No shoot, Saggenah! Good friend, Diahausa!"

"Why, Storm-Cloud!" exclaimed Eli, rising to his feet and quietly half-cocking his rifle again, "what's brung you here? I thought you were out by the big river forks outlyin' on the trail of the Frenchers and Chippawas."

"The *Ouionis* have built themselves a strong block-house at the forks, and placed many of the big thunder guns in it. The Chippawa dogs are out on the war-path; a wicked bird has told them where my father is, and they are coming down to take his scalp," said the chief, dropping his imperfect English, and speaking in his own language, which the other understood perfectly.

"If they can," said Eli, with a grin, drawing down the corners of his mouth, which might have passed for a smile of contempt, and speaking in the same language. "Where are they, and how many?"

"On the island up the stream; they have warriors, so many," holding up first both hands with the thumbs and fingers stretched out, and then one hand with the thumb and one finger closed.

"Thirteen," said Eli. "Has Storm-Cloud any of his braves with him?"

Up went one hand again, first with all the fingers spread out, then with but one raised.

"Six; an' you an' me an' Master Philip makes nine; for I don't count the negur for nothin'," muttered Eli, in English. "Six Delawares, with Storm-Cloud at their head, ought to be ekal to twicet as many Chippawas, without countin' old Mehitable an' Master Philip's short—"

"Gosh! Mas'r Flint, you s'pose ole Mose ain't good for nuffin kase he 'feared o' de debbil an' his angels?" said the negro, who had heard enough to satisfy himself that the demon he had tried to exorcise with the camp-kettle was a being of veritable flesh and blood, and moreover no stranger, at least to Eli. "Tell ye what, jis' try de ole nigga, an' see if he ha'n't got some grit in him yit."

Mose had thrown off the skin which enveloped his head and shoulders as he spoke, and raised himself to his feet. The Indian looked at him curiously for a moment, for he had never seen one of Mose's race before, but immediately resumed his calm, impassive expression, without manifesting any farther interest in what must have appeared to him a very strange looking object.

"The Chippawas will come down before the dawn in their canoes," he said, again addressing Eli in the Delaware tongue; "my braves are near; will my brother stay here to be smoked out like a squirrel in a tree?"

"I reckon not," said Eli in English; "I'm a sort o' notion they won't find many skelps here to take by the time they come down; but where's your young men? Up at the spring?"

"They are near," said Diahausa, still in his own language; "when the time comes they will strike like the copperhead; has the young brave with the short gun ever been on the war path?"

"No," said Eli in the same tongue; "he's not been long from the garrison; but he's brave and steady."

"The black-skin?"

"I don't know; he ran away as soon as he saw you at the spring, but he says he can fight; how is it, Master Philip?" he said, turning to Morton, and speaking in English again; "can we count on the negur in a scrimmage?"

"I think so," said Philip, "if we can get the notion of 'spooks' out of his head; put him at anything that he's satisfied that is flesh and blood, with his own blood fairly up, and he'll fight well enough. The greatest trouble will be to keep him quiet."

"Well, we must take him along with us anyhow, an' take the chance," said Eli; "we can't leave him here by himself."

"De lawa, no!" interrupted the subject of conversation; "don' you go an' leab poah ole Uncle Mose yer all alone by hese'f 'mong de spooks an' de kyatamounts; you jis' take um 'long wid you, an' see if he don' sneak along as quiet as a fox a'ter a gobbler."

"What are we going to do, Eli?" said Morton, "run for it?"

"We're goin' to hunt the hunters," said Eli, grimly; "the chief has a plan in his head, I see; leave it to him."

The negro having no arms, and there being no spare rifle in the cabin, Philip took from his small portmanteau which lay in one corner a pair of large pistols with spring bayonets, which he placed in Mose's hands, with some brief instructions as to the best way to use them.

The party then left the cabin, and proceeded towards the spring, the Indian and Eli in advance, stealing along as noiselessly as shadows, while Morton and the negro did their best to imitate them, but with indifferent success; for the dried sticks *would* get right under their feet and crack as they trod upon them, with a vicious snap that seemed to Philip, in the excited state of his nerves, as though it ought to be heard a mile off.

They reached the spring without any alarm, however, and without having seen anything unusual; but when Philip turned to see if Mose was beside him, he was startled by the appearance of half-a-dozen dusky figures close behind him, which, even in the deep gloom, he could see were Indians! When the negro, who turned at the same moment, saw them, he sprang as if he had been bitten by a snake, and would have uttered a yell of fright, if Eli, who was watching him, had not clapped his broad hand over his mouth, just in time to stop it.

Where the men had come from, or how they had got among them so suddenly and noiselessly, was past Philip's comprehension. For all that appeared to the contrary they might have come up through the ground where they stood, or have been formed out of the thick darkness which surrounded them. A moment's reflection, however, satisfied him that they were the Delawares he had expected to see, but their sudden and unaccountable appearance suggested to him, a little unpleasantly, the possibility of the Chippawas coming upon them quite as unexpectedly.

He suggested this, in a whisper, to Eli.

"No danger o' that," said the latter; "t'aint hard for Injin cunnin' to sarcumvent wits that's ben brung up in the settlements; but it wouldn't be easy to git that near an Injin afore he know'd it."

"Did you and Storm-Cloud see them as they joined us?" said Philip.

"Sartin; we counted every scalp look as it rin up, 'till all six of 'em was here."

"Well," continued Philip, "I thought I kept too sharp a look out, as we came along, to miss anything; how could I help seeing them?"

"I've always observed," said Eli, "that folkses eyes can see jist what they're been larnt to see, an' not much more; when you've hunted an' fout the corn-twisted critters as long as I have—"

"Sh-h!" came in a low, warning hiss from Storm-Cloud.

"What is it, chief?" whispered Eli, stepping beside him; "hear anything?"

"Hear, my father, too much talk; he old an' ought to be wise; make Short-gun an' 'e black skin no talk, no break so much stick; quiet same little bird in nest."

"You're right, Storm-Cloud; I ought t' ha' knowed better," said Eli, apologetically; "let the chief lead; we'll follow."

"It is good," said Diahausa, and without farther words, led off with his warriors in a direction towards a point on the river bank higher up the stream.

They travelled perhaps a mile and a half in silence, Morton and the negro profiting by a few whispered directions from Eli, getting along with much less snapping of sticks than before, though Philip occasionally felt his teeth grinding together as one would crack under his or Mose's tread, or one or the other of them would stumble over a projecting root, invisible in the darkness.

Once Mose tripped and fairly came down bodily, and as he scrambled up again, and came limping on behind, Philip heard him muttering to himself, "Gosh! da' ain't no fun in dis yer, no how; I b'lieb I's broke my big toe fo' sart'n; wish dey'd lef a body car' a lant'n or suffin to see whar he gwine."

They arrived at the point at which they were aiming without interruption. It was about a mile above where the deer had been shot in the afternoon; just in the angle made by the river bending off to the right as you looked up the stream, and forming a little cove just here, the shore of which shelving down gradually, was overgrown with bushes almost to the water's edge. At the lower side of the cove the shore had been eaten into by the eddy, and the earth washed away, leaving a bank some three or four feet high, and laying bare, on the side towards the water, the huge, contorted roots of a magnificent hickory tree which grew on the very brink. The washing away of the earth from beneath the tree had left quite a large cavity, roomy enough for two or three men to stand concealed among the roots, and black enough, now, to ensure them against discovery unless actually touched.

The small island on which the Chippawas lay, was about a mile higher up the stream, but was now entirely invisible from the cove, so that our party had only their hearing to depend upon for information of the enemy's movements. Diahausa had calculated that they would leave the island to make their attack, in time to reach the cabin a little before daybreak, when the inmates would be buried in their soundest sleep. It was also most likely that they would come ashore at the very point he occupied, as their canoes could lie together in the cove, out of the current, and to a great extent concealed from view from the river.

It was now sometime past midnight, and they all listened in silence for the approach of the enemy.

Two of the Delawares had crept noiselessly under the roots of the hickory tree, and stood there motionless, while those on shore crouched among the bushes that fringed the bank of the cove, with cocked rifles, all except Mose, who had none, as before stated, and who had been expressly forbidden to cock his pistols, till it was necessary to fire them—it being morally certain that if left to his own devices, they would be exploded at the first sound he might hear.

Minutes are dreadfully long sometimes. Fifteen had perhaps passed while they remained in this attitude of strained attention, which seemed to Philip as nearly as many hours, when a slight splash and gurgle of water were heard a few yards out in the river just above the cove, as of a paddle backing water, and then a faint thump as it came suddenly in contact with the side of a canoe.

The stars were shining, and though those on shore could as yet distinguish nothing, owing to their more elevated position, the two beneath the tree, crouching with their faces close to the surface of the water, could distinguish three long canoes hovering abreast with their heads towards the shore within twenty yards of the cove.

Those in them seemed to be undecided as to their movements, and a low muttering conversation was kept up among them for some minutes. At last they seemed to have made up their minds, and the three canoes moved steadily and silently towards the cove. As they reached its entrance they slackened their speed again, apparently reconnoitering the shore. A few moments appeared to satisfy them, and they again moved on, but slowly and with habitual caution, until the canoes grated on the beach. Then stepping silently out one by one, thirteen armed warriors stood clustered at the water's edge. The canoes were secured together by thongs and then moored to one of the projecting roots of the hickory tree. The two men beneath it remained crouching back against the bank, with nothing but their heads above water. A breath louder than usual, the glimmer of an open eye, or the flash of a row of white teeth, which will show in such dark places when nothing else will, would have betrayed them to the Indian who was stooping to make fast the boats to the root; but the Delawares had been well trained in all the arts of savage warfare, and without attempting to hold their breath, they let it pass silently and slowly to and fro through the nostrils, peering stealthily through eyelids almost touching each other, and keeping their lips closed firmly over the white teeth.

The Chippawa had barely finished securing the boats, without a suspicion how near he was to his deadly enemies, and had half risen from his stooping posture when there came a crackle of rifle shots from the bushes above, before which four of the party who still stood clustered on the bank waiting for him, reeled back and fell, one of them in the water, the others close to its edge. The volley was followed by the war whoop of the Delawares on shore, who instantly broke from their cover with Storm-Cloud and Eli at their head, and rushed in a body at the enemy. The latter, utterly taken by surprise, and for a moment panic-stricken by this unexpected attack, fired a random volley at their assailants, but without effect, and before they had recovered from their bewilderment the latter were upon them, and Storm-Cloud's tomahawk had crashed into the brain of the foremost, while another reeled back disabled by a swinging blow aimed at the head but lighting on the shoulder from the heavy barrel of Eli's rifle.

"Take that, you corn-twisted copperhead you," exclaimed the old man, as he struck; "come a'ter my skelp, did you; git it if ye kin."

The voice, which they recognized, roused the Chippawas from their momentary bewilderment, and with a yell of wrath, they rushed headlong on their assailants.

The Indians on both sides had dropped their rifles after firing, and the two parties were now engaged in a close hand to hand fight on the narrow strip of open ground between the river and the bushes.

Eli, as has been shown, had retained his rifle long enough to get a second enemy out of the way with it, but was now compelled to drop it to defend himself against a powerful Indian who grappled him; while Philip, who had also brought his into the mêlée, found himself attacked by two others at once.

He struck at the nearest with the butt of the rifle, but with a quick sweep of the arm the Indian turned the blow and the rifle was knocked out of his hands.

Philip was not a practised performer with either knife or tomahawk, and indeed, at the instant, never thought of either, but with a blow as quick as the springing of a steel-trap, struck the savage with his clenched fist right between the eyes and sent him rolling over on the beach like a log. A sharp blow from the left fist upon the chest of the other following with the speed of light, drove him staggering back a few paces and gave Philip time to seize his weapons, of which he had by this time bethought himself.

The first savage picked himself up slowly, rubbing his eyes; the other, recovering himself immediately, advanced cautiously towards the man who could strike such blows without a weapon, thinking, I suppose, very naturally, that he could do a good deal more *with* weapons, and preferring not to come within arms' length until he had felt his way a little. Philip stood quietly on his guard, undisturbed by the other Chippawas, who were kept fully occupied without bestowing any attention upon him. The Indian kept advancing slowly and stealthily, crouching like a panther about to spring.

His companion, who in the meantime had recovered his faculties somewhat, and rubbed from his eyes the dimness produced by the blow he had received, now advanced in the same manner, a little to one side, and if anything still more cautiously.

Philip became tired of this; and changing his tactics all at once, advanced straight upon the last comer, who straightening himself up threw his tomahawk hurriedly and missed. Philip instantly closed with him, making an ineffectual blow with his own hatchet as he came within reach, and then dropping it, and seizing the wrist which was lunging a knife at him, just in time to stop it,—found his own wrist seized in the same manner by the other savage, and the three combatants were fairly at grips and holding each other at bay. The last comer, having his knife hand free, would have settled the question in another moment. Philip saw his hopeless situation at a glance, and made a desperate effort to wrench his knife hand loose, but it was in a grip like that of a blacksmith's vice. Failing in this, he raised his foot suddenly and drove his heel, with all the strength he could summon, against the knee of the one who held him; the joint fairly cracked under the blow, and the Indian, with a howl, wrung from him by the sudden agony, let go his hold and flung himself, writhing, upon the ground. Without bringing his foot to the ground, Philip made a similar blow at the remaining Indian, and at the same instant made a downward stab at him; the latter, however, had seen the effect of the first kick, and was on his guard; he sprang his feet apart suddenly, and Philip's foot passed just within the leg. Losing his balance, he came heavily upon the breast of the Indian, the knife striking wide as his arm came down upon the shoulder of the latter. Curling his own left arm instantly over Philip's, the Indian held it fast in such a position that Philip could not bend it sufficiently to strike. The Indian's right arm with Philip's left hand holding it by the wrist was stretched above his head in a position that made it impossible for *him* to strike either. And now ensued a wrestling match, at which Philip considered himself a proficient. But he found that he had met, if not his master, at least his equal; the lithe savage, limber as a snake and active as a cat, either avoided his trips, or recovered from them with an agility that Philip, even in the stern excitement of a death struggle, could not help admiring.

Finally, finding that his knife, besides doing no good, only hampered him, he dropped it, and bending his right arm back from the elbow so as to get his right hand upon the nape of his adversary's neck, he bent suddenly backwards, raising the latter off his feet, and then, whirling as he fell, both came to the ground together, the Indian beneath.

As they fell, Philip saw a stream of fire flash above him and heard a report which he recognized as that of one of his own pistols, and then the exclamation, "Gosh, dar! you ole willyan; you gwine stick Mas'r Philip when he down, was ye?" and then followed another report, and Uncle Mose, with a pistol in each hand, the bayonets sprung, leaped over his master and went head down and arms extended at the other Indian, just in time to save Philip from being struck from behind.

Staggered by the shots, both of which had taken effect, and still in great pain, the savage made a random pass at the negro as he came at him in this mad-bull fashion, but only grazed the shoulder, without checking him in the least; Moses' hard head struck him full in the waist, and he went down backwards, as a matter of course, having but one leg to steady himself with, before a "butt" that an ox could hardly have held up against. As he fell, Mose sprang astride him, and so diligently used his short bayonets, that soon not a sign of life remained.

At this moment, the four remaining Chippawas made a rush towards the water, trampling over and separating Philip and his adversary, who sprang to his feet and followed them, upsetting Mose from his seat on the dead Indian, in a headlong effort to reach the canoes, hotly pursued by their enemies.

The foremost splashed through the water to the root where the canoes had been moored, and then those on shore heard a sudden yell of mingled surprise and rage and disappointment. The canoes were gone! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Grahames. A Novel. By Mrs. Trafford Whitehead. Published by The American News Company. And for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co, Philadelphia.

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St. Martin's Summer. By Anne H. M. Brewster. This is a charming book, for the best class of readers. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

St. Martin's Eve. By Mrs. Henry Wood. A capital novel by our old contributor, Mrs. Wood—full of interest. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Cherry and Violet. A Tale of the Great Plague. By the author of "Mary Powell." Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Idle Word. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The Cecilias; or, The Force of Circumstances. By Anne Argyle. Published by the American News Company, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The National Quarterly Review, vol XII.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for March.

REMINISCENCES--PHILOSOPHY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In 1828 there appeared in the columns of the same Saturday Evening Post to which I now write, lines upon the birth of an infant, of which I quote from memory the first stanzas—

Welcome, my bonnie wee thing,
Welcome to the bright spring,
While the merry birds sing
Sweetly around thee.
Welcome, though far away;
Though I ne'er beheld thee play,
And, alas! never may,
Care so hath bound me.

The mother, father, sisters, all except one or two of that most pleasant family circle have one after another disappeared, and now sleep in their quiet graves; all of them rest in their native island, Newport, R. I., except one. That one is the son of my much loved sister, to whom when an infant, forty-three years ago, the lines were addressed. But the *Newport Mercury* has now the announcement of the death of Robert P. Lee, Jr., who died at San Francisco on the 3d of December, 1865, so that I, who had the joy of welcoming the birth of the infant, now chronicle his death, as a man. Tears are unavailing; the dearest and loved have but gone before; and the only consolation for the lonely survivor is found in the words uttered at the hour of death. "I feel so happy;" almost the same words that were spoken by his dying mother. Thinking over the happy days of "auld lang syne," I may say with Moore:

"When I remember all
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone;
The cheerful hearts now broken.
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted:
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

The *Saturday Evening Post*, when the birthday lines were printed, was issued from the rear of 53 Market street, the identical office once occupied by Franklin; and which still retained his press and most of his printing materials. I was young, and pleased with my "Post," but what changes have occurred since then! It is useless to grieve or moralize. The past, with all its associations, has vanished away forever. But it is well to look back; and reflect, if reflection but throws light upon the future. One of the most important—nay, the most important matter that can occupy the mind of man, is the principle by which his life should be guided; the principle which may best secure his happiness here and hereafter.

On the back of the obituary notice, above referred to, is a scrap of moralizing thus—

PHILOSOPHY. BY THOMSON.

—— "Philosophy holds *her* heavenly light
To senates and to kings to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but *hers* is false and rotten;
All valor not conducted by *her* precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations."

The writer of this tribute to "Philosophy" was, doubtless, a believer in the Supreme Being; and accepted the Divine Laws which that Being has revealed for the guidance of the affairs of man and nations. The Almighty God is the ruler over all, as He also is the Creator of all. Why should we not upon all occasions recognize *this* momentous principle? It is the vital principle of eternal life. There is too much disposition to look in almost every direction for a guide, or standard, in our affairs, except in that which points to the one only true and perfect standard. Until this error is admitted, and corrected, it is in vain that we look and long for happiness; since the only source of happiness is conformity with the Divine Will; obedience to the Laws which an All-Wise and Perfect Law Giver has commanded for the very purpose of insuring the much coveted boon—Happiness. But farewell to the past, to my infant boy and his darling mother, the sister whose memory is ever fondly cherished; farewell to the happy hours and the boyish dreams that pictured a bright future, which is, even now, sinking into the dark abyss where lie buried all earthly hopes. Welcome the pure light, whose rays point to the only true happiness which man can ever have, either in this life, or the life eternal.

Camden, N. J., March 23, 1866. T. C. C.

☞ Absent-Minded.—O—— was a good-natured old fellow, but was very absent-minded; so much so, that he even could not remember his wife's name. When he wished to tell his wife to have the boy put his horse to the carriage, he did so in the following amusing manner:—"Ah—ah—ah—Whatsitsname, go and tell Whatyoumaycallem to get the whatsitsname, and put it to the whatyoumaycallem."

☞ Illinois cotton commands a premium of five cents per pound in the New York market—which fact is producing a marked effect on the cultivation of the staple in the Sucker state.

☞ Twenty-five girls were recently turned out of the U. S. Treasury for quarrelling.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Aricauma—Tapirs—Sloths—Hares in Variety—Chinchillas—Armadillos—Grapes—La Pinha—Yucca—Preserving Eggs—Adios Red Men—Westward Ho.

In South America, wherever we cross the Andes in any parallel south of about twenty, down to that of the Strait of Magellan, we shall find on all the western slopes and Pacific coast, the productions—animal, vegetable and mineral, though of the same orders, families, and general structure—varied, modified, and changed in features and habits, from those on the Atlantic side of the Andean range.

In all the domestic animals, fruits and cultivated grains, the difference is far less marked than in the forest trees, flowers, tuberous roots, birds, and wild animals.

Beginning with a brief glance at these last named productions, we shall find in southern Chile, and common along all the western Andean slope held in fee simple and by might of muscle, by the Aricauman Indians, first, the Tapir, of the Elephant family—Genus *Tapirus*, an animal that in the dark, gloomy depths of the tropical Brazilian forest is a great, rugged, uncouth, repulsive monster, the size of a small mule, hairless, hide corrugated and horny, great, lidless, goggle eyes, a snout like a shapeless mass of India rubber, forming a rudimentary trunk or proboscis—the fellow dull, stupid, morose, and if interfered with, belligerent—hitting tremendous side whacks with his ugly, misshapen head. In the country of the Aricaumans we find the animal toned down to a rather comely, docile fellow, smooth skinned, covered with short, sleek, shiny hair, of a dark brown color, eyes bright, and lids fringed with long, beautiful silken lashes, the proboscis tapering into a pretty, diminutive trunk, the animal never exceeding in size that of a large dog, easily domesticated, and the flesh sweet, juicy, and very palatable food. The tapirs are by no means numerous in this Indian territory, and in other portions of Chile they are very rarely seen.

The great, lazy sluggard, Sloth, of the Brazilian forests, is here represented by a relative looking more like a pretty little brown pig the size of an ordinary cat, a sprightly, wide-awake little fellow, hopping about like a rabbit, playful as a kitten, and in his wild state, just as ready to hop right up to your feet, and nibble some tid-bit from your hand as ever was pet lamb. Nevertheless, with all the departure from the habits of their cis Andean brothers, the pretty little pets of the Aricaumans, which they never wantonly destroy, are *edents*, and of the family *Bradypoda* to all intents and purposes.

Then there are the *Agoutis*, Pacas and Cavas, of these far southwestern slopes, all modifications of hares and rabbits, but reversing the order from that of the diminishing rule, these are of increased proportions, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five pounds in weight when dressed, fine furred, and their flesh excellent eating, especially the Cavy. The carcass of one of these animals well fed and weighing twenty-five pounds, will afford four pounds of as pure, sweet *lard* as was ever made, delicious for all kinds of pastry, and the natives of all these regions declare that tried out pure, it will remain always sweet and good.

As all these last named animals are found in great numbers throughout all the wild regions as far south as the Strait of Magellan, and notwithstanding the long, rigorous winters extending over a great portion of the country they inhabit, they are always numerous and in capital condition, affording fine fur and valuable food, it seems that their introduction into the United States as domestic animals ought to be considered.

The white, mottled, and variegated Chinchilla of the southern regions of the Buenos Ayrean Confederacy and Patagonian plains, in the country of the Aricaumans goes down to a miniature animal beauty, the size of a rat, clad in soft, downy, fur colored, like ashes of roses. The Armadillo, which, in all the tropical regions of the Atlantic slope, we find encased entirely—head and body—in a shell of impenetrable armor, and limbs and tail protected by rings of mail and horny tubercles, in southern Chile is modified into a pretty furred animal, bearing on its back an oblong, variegated, bony shelter tent, rounded at the corners, sloping outwards from the centre, and projecting all round the body so far as to form a jutting roof, and a protection from hot sunshine and all ordinary rains. The singular roof is attached to the animal only along the spine, and he has the faculty of canting it from side to side at will, turning the sloping roof towards driving storm or slant sun's rays, thus affording for himself a perfect and convenient shelter.

In the vegetable kingdom the changes are quite as great and every way as remarkable as in the animal. The grape, both white and purple, which is delicate in constitution in the semi-tropical provinces of the Rio de la Plata, in the country of the Aricaumans, all along these far southern slopes, grows perfectly hardy, defying the rigors of a climate where in winter time the mercury falls to, and sometimes stands for ten days in one steady stretch, at from twelve to eighteen degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, producing abundantly grapes of as delicious flavor as the best of Mendoza's growth.

In this Indian region we find the *Jacarandusa*, an evergreen, cone bearing forest tree of the hill regions of southern Brazil, Paraguay, and the western provinces of the Rio de la Plata, modified into a beautiful compact shrub of larger growth, called *La Pinha*, efficient as hedging material, highly ornamental, bearing in profusion cones, scaly, like those of our pines, the size six times larger than those of the *Jacarandusa* of the Atlantic slope, and within each scale, at its base, is a long slightly flattened brown nut, covered with a horny shell, tenderer than that of the chestnut, the nut being itself tender, sweet, rich in oil, and in flavor like a roasted chestnut.

The *Yucca*, of the Cape de Verde Islands, Brazil and Peru, a lilaceous tuberous plant, everywhere edible, in all the colder, hilly regions of this Indian country, changes its habits to a stocky, low growing, herbaceous shrub, producing under indifferent cultivation tubers from four to six inches in diameter, twelve to twenty-four inches in length, branching like a monstrous star from a common centre, frequently as many as twelve of the huge tubers produced by a single plant. The Yucca is eaten in all stages of growth from the size of the finger to maturity; and either boiled, baked, roasted, or cut in slices and fried brown, its flavor is delicious. It keeps quite as well as our best keeping potatoes, all kinds of stock eat it with a keen relish, and the Aricaumans prepare large quantities of the root for winter food by slicing thin and drying in the sun; and their favorite dish—a most delicious one—is prepared by boiling soft the dried *Yucca*, mixing it with an equal quantity of wheat, also boiled quite soft, making the mass into cakes, shortened with *cavy* lard, and baked, or adding dried fruit, and boiling as pudding, in a bag.

The *Yucca* is propagated by planting the cut tubers exactly as potatoes are planted, or more readily, by planting in the same manner the stalks cut at maturity into about three inch lengths. As I believe this tuber could be successfully grown in the United States generally, producing a much larger yield than any of our potatoes, answering to all their uses and several besides, and probably be exempt from all the potato's diseases, plagues and pests, I should say the *Yucca* ought to have a fair trial as well by North American farmers as South American savages.

Having run thus far on the domestic utility track, perhaps it will be quite as well to continue the course on to the limit allowed by editorial law, and coming to an Indian custom of preparing eggs in such a manner as to have them always sound, fresh and available, the idea suggests itself that the custom will be just as comfortable and economical for white people, and so I give the *modus operandi* for saving eggs in a serviceable condition—

First, fresh eggs are broken, and the whites carefully drained from the shell, leaving only the yolks. The whites in quantities of a quart or more are scalded (not cooked,) by having scalding water turned over them, from which they are skimmed out as soon as possible. Then they are thoroughly mixed with an equal quantity of fruit jelly and cane syrup, put into jars, covered with a bladder or some sort of thin skin drawn tight and smoothly over the mouth of the jar and smeared over with resin or gum, making the vessel air tight. In this manner the whites of eggs are kept sound, fresh and good for a very long time.

The yolks are first boiled quite hard, drained dry, pulverized as fine as possible, mixed with an equal quantity of maize meal pounded as fine as our cornmeal is usually ground, sweetened and dried in small thin cakes, exactly like ordinary yeast cakes, and dried either in the sun, or by the fire.

In preparing food, as many of these egg cakes as are required, are dissolved either in milk or water and, mixed with any desired proportion of the jellied whites, are compounded with maize or wheat cakes, *Yucca*, puddings, pastry, or any sort of cakes, and in all, are quite equal to fresh, new-laid eggs.

Having learned this egg practice of the Aricauman Indians, we adhered to it in all our after wanderings, and found it uncommonly comfortable to have at hand always fresh eggs for our cooking, in very many places where it would have been impossible to have procured them in any other way.

Everywhere throughout the whole length and breadth of their country, so far as we traversed it, we found the Aricaumans the same, a frugal, industrious, hospitable people, cultivating the soil, supplying by their rude manufactures all their requirements; and though without a code of laws, schools, a definite religion beyond the universal belief in a great unseen, unknown *Kouirka* (Creator) that makes and rules all things—without even a written language, the Red Aricaumans have fewer vices, more virtues, a higher order of intelligence, and a South American Civilization more compatible with Christianity than any thing we had found among the Spanish American nations of the Southern hemisphere.

Without having by the five hundredth part exhausted the resources of the Indian territory, or abated in the least our curiosity, we reluctantly bade our Red Aricauman friends *adios*, and turned our horses' heads towards the great Chilean island of Chiloe, outlying the coast of Patagonia, and the extreme limit of South American Civilization.

Effects of Electricity.

It is well known that friction developes electricity, and mechanics are generally aware that a machine belt, running at great speed, is always highly electrified by its friction with the air. The experiment has often been tried in the office of the Ledger, of lighting gas burners, by a workman holding one hand to a fast-going belt and the other to the burner. This experiment has no doubt been tried in many other places, where machine belting is employed. When belts are in this electric state, it is very dangerous to have cotton waste or any other combustible material near them, or near any iron rods or bolts communicating with them. The electric sparks will set fire to cotton waste or shavings as easily as to a gas burner. Belts enclosed in casings should often be examined. It is very probable that many of the supposed cases of conflagration from "spontaneous combustion" have in reality originated from electricity produced by machinery in motion.—*Phila. Ledger.*

☞ John G. Whittier, on entering the hall of the "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts, the other day, was greeted with a spontaneous outburst of applause, which showed the progress made by the old Commonwealth since the day when Quakers were banished by law, and whipped at the cart-tail if they presumed to return!

Genius.—A distinguished teacher defines genius to be the power of making efforts.

☞ A fellow being awakened by the clerk of a steamer, was told that he must not occupy the berth with his boots. He very considerately replied,—"Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em, I guess, they are an old pair."

☞ It is said that the late Charles L. Babbit of Taunton, Mass., left a provision in his will, fortified by a legacy, that fresh flowers should be kept on his grave forever.

☞ A man went into a saloon in Bridgeport, Ct., the other night, called for a few raw oysters, and astonished the natives by eating 165.

☞ The Prettiest Girl.—At a fancy ball at the Tuileries lately, there was a quadrille of all nations. The prettiest girl in Paris was chosen to represent France. It was the charming Miss Beckwith, an American! She wore a white satin dress with a tri-color sash. Brunettes, rejoice! Miss Beckwith is described as having beautiful black hair.

☞ An exchange says that "waterfalls" are prohibited by the English game laws. The clause which applies to them reads as follows: "Netting the hare shall be punished by fine," etc.

Papering a Room.

The choice of a wall-paper should be guided in every respect by the destination of the room in which it will be used. The most important question will always be whether it is to form a decoration in itself, or whether it is to become a mere background for pictures. In the latter case, the paper can hardly be too subdued in tone. Very light drab, green, (not emerald), and silver gray will be found suitable for this purpose, and two shades of the *same color* are all sufficient for one paper. In drawing-rooms, embossed white or cream-color, with a very small diaper or spot of gold, will not be amiss, where water-color drawings are hung. As a rule, the simplest patterns are the best for every situation; but where the eye has to rest upon the surface of the wall alone, a greater play of line in the patterns may become advisable. It is obvious that delicate tints admit of more linear complexity than those which are rich or dark. Intricate forms should be accompanied by quiet color, and variety of hue should be chastened by the plainest possible outlines. In color, wall-papers should oppose instead of repeating that of the furniture and hangings by which they are surrounded. Some people conceive that the most important condition of good taste has been fulfilled if every bit of damask in one room is cut from the same piece, and every article of furniture is made of the same wood. At this rate the art of house-fitting would be reduced to a very simple process. The real secret of success in decorative color is, however, quite as much dependent on contrast as on similarity of tint; nor can real artistic effect be expected without the employment of both.

Crickets and Cockroaches.

My present residence, an old country house, was neither infested with cockroaches nor crickets until very lately. The cockroaches made their appearance about four years ago, and increased so rapidly and to such an extent that every night the kitchen-floor was black with them when the candle had been out about an hour. They made their way into every place, and, although we tried every means to kill them, they seemed to increase the faster, as if in mockery of our efforts. During the last winter the chirp of the cricket was heard by the fireside, and they increased from the solitary one to a full and noisy chorus, and as they increased the cockroaches decreased, and now (August) there is not a cockroach to be found. It has long been one of the articles of "folk lore" that the two will not live together, and here is a proof. A neighbor of mine, a large farmer, has lost the crickets and is pestered with the cockroaches, which live and increase in spite of shoe-heel, traps, poppy-leaves, elder-leaves, or beetle-poison.—*English paper.*

Coffee.—"Perhaps the most audacious exploit of the coffee merchant is one of late date. It is well known that the Government of the United States supplied its soldiers in the field, during the late war, with the finest of coffee; while to the citizens was left the commonest trash at the highest figure. Under these circumstances a firm in New York, prompted, no doubt, by humanitarian feelings, undertook to revamp the grounds left from the camp kettles, *by drying and mixing*, hundreds of barrels of which were returned to New York and sold as extra Rio, to the great satisfaction of our citizens." Thus saith Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for February, and the truth of the statement is attested by the officers of the Subsistence Department.

The Cattle Disease.—The latest returns of the English cattle disease show a most gratifying decrease in the number of animals attacked. During the week ending February 17, the number of cases reported was 13,001; during the next week, ending February 24, the number had declined to 10,167; and during the following week ending March 3d, the number had declined still further to 7,310. Down to March 3, the total number attacked was 187,059, of which 117,664 had died; 26,135 had been killed; 26,106 had recovered; and the fate of 17,154 was unknown.

☞ Rebellion Against the New Bonnets.—The American ladies are rebelling against the winter fashion for bonnets. The principal of a wholesale millinery house informs us that his customers never purchased "bonnet frames" with equal reluctance. The clumsy top pattern requires a large amount of material, and makes a very small show for it. Moreover, the show, when it is made, is anything but graceful. To construct a bonnet over the gig-top frame requires three-fourths of a yard of material, with ribbons and lace, and flowers, *ad infinitum*. The small bonnets of last summer, that made quite as much display, and were tenfold more graceful, required less than half a yard of material. The consequence is that the fashion dictated to the ladies is not accepted as fashions generally are, and that a good many dames and demoiselles are in open rebellion against the dispensation of the Empress Eugenie.—*English Paper.*

☞ A woman who was rudely kissed by a man, while walking in the streets of Buffalo one evening last week, instantly returned home and started her husband after the offender, who was lodged in prison, and fined $50 the next morning by the magistrate. The defence set up that the kiss was only a joke, given under the influence of a little too much liquor, and but for testimony of general good character, the Judge announced that the punishment would have been six month's imprisonment.

☞ He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

☞ Dr. Windship, the strong man, now lifts a dead weight of twenty-six hundred pounds, and says he means to keep on until he can lift three thousand pounds, when he will stop.

☞ Mr. Hood's Song.—A clerk in a music store was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's—a—song of the—a—gentleman's undergarment!" The clerk is still alive.

☞ Dr. Holbrook gives the following illustration of the light which shines on English minds touching American affairs. It is in the shape of a paragraph going the rounds of the English papers:—"Mr. Beecher Stowe's pew rent auction for the year has brought $40 000, or about £8,000. This, however, the New York correspondent of the London Standard says represents but about half his income, as he has large presents, and makes a considerable sum by lectures, especially during his three months' leave of absence, spent at Saratoga and other fashionable watering places. The same authority estimates his income at $75,000, or about £15,000 a year."

How a Blind Man Sees.

Our blind friend Trotter has just set off in a great hurry for that door-way; he seizes the handle, opens the door hastily, shouts out one or two lusty words, waits for no answer, but rushes off again elsewhere. Ask him what this pantomime means, and he will tell you that he was in quest of a certain trio of boys who promised to meet him there; that he '*looked*' into the club room and found that they were not there; at least he *thinks* not, as judging by the sound of his own foot against the form on which they usually sit, and of his own voice, the room seemed empty. And empty it really is. The well-known story told by a Mr. Anderson of a blind messenger at Edinburgh, entirely corroborates this fact. "I had occasion," he says, "to send out one of those blind men with a mattress. I gave him the bill with it, that he might receive payment. But, to my surprise, he returned with the account and the 'mattress too.' 'I've brought back baith, ye see, sir,' said he. 'How so?' 'Indeed, sir, I didna like t' leave 't yonder, else I'm sure we wad ne'er see the siller—there's nae a stick of furniture within the door!' 'How do you come to know that?' 'Oh, sir, twa taps on the floor wi' my stick soon tell't me that!'" And true enough was the blind man's guess; for guess it must still be called, though in both the cases cited it was shrewd enough to pass for wit.—*London Quarterly Review.*

☞ Fifth Avenue, New York, contains 340 dwellings, and, it is said, has not a house that cost less than $80,000, with the exception of a few at the northern end. The rent of these houses is at least $6,000 a year. Alexander T. Stewart, Esq., the well-known merchant, is erecting a mansion in Fifth avenue, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street, which is being built of the purest native marble, and will cost, when completed, nearly a million of dollars. The roof alone cost $80,000. Notwithstanding the high prices and rents of Fifth avenue houses, they are all occupied, and more are wanted.

☞ One of the Government Revenue detectives on the Canadian frontier writes to the Commissioner of Customs, that the smugglers have laid pipes across the St. Lawrence river, and are engaged in pumping whiskey from Canada into the United States.

☞ A poet in the Nebraska City News concludes a long poem with the following lines—

"Well, such is life. Whom the gods love
Die young. Whom they hate, live and prosper,
And are elected delegates to Congress
From the several territories."

☞ The marriage of the Princess Helena, of England, with Prince Christian, will take place July 9th, at Windsor.

☞ A dry, warm soil seems most favorable to the production of honey. White clover, even when it grows on low, marshy land, has little or no honey in it.

☞ Bayard Taylor has introduced a new watermelon which keeps through the winter. He obtained the seeds from Volga, Russia, from a melon grown on the shores of the Caspian Sea.

☞ Bituminous coal, of which hogs will eat from one to two pounds per day, is regarded by the Prairie Farmer as "a sure preventive of hog cholera."

☞ People should always be on the lookout for frauds in small things as well as great. An advertisement lately appeared in a New York paper, promising, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, to send a recipe to keep water in wells and cisterns from freezing. An honest farmer, anxious for the information, forwarded the money—and by return mail received the following answer, which we print for the benefit of all our readers:—"Take in your well and cistern on cold nights, and keep them by the fire."

☞ The English papers always speak of "sales *by* auction;" in this country the phrase generally used is "*at* auction." The former is the proper expression.

☞ A young lady of Seymour, Ind., became warmly attached to a young man. Her love was not returned. She procured a preparation called "love powders," and mixed them with the young man's food. They poisoned and nearly killed him, and he is going to bring suit against the young lady for damages.

☞ Which are the Savages?—A captain of volunteers, in California, has just been tried by court-martial and sentenced to be dismissed from the army, for killing an Indian infant found lying on its dead mother's breast, uninjured, after a battle. The defence was, that as there was no mother to take care of it, it could not have lived many hours; and further, that this was *the custom* in all Indian wars, derived from the Indians themselves. The officer has published a statement that one of the chief members of the court martial that condemned him, had done the same thing on a former occasion, and had actually had *four* balls shot into an infant found in such circumstances. It seems to have been a frequent custom.

☞ A lady writing from London says:—"Brides' dresses are all made of satin. I saw one last week at Madame S——'s, Hanover square. The skirt was edged with a ruching of tulle and a beading of large pearls; tunic of Brussels lace, looped up with orange blossoms; high square body, trimmed with lace and pearls; tight sleeves to correspond; Brussels lace veil; wreath of orange blossoms."

☞ A woman in Pennsylvania has petitioned for a divorce "because she and her husband do not agree on politics." If that disagreement be valid grounds for a divorce, what shall we do if females are given the elective franchise?

☞ A man of singularly minute observation once said to me: "I have noticed that young ladies seem to go through three stages of feeling with regard to matrimony. When they first grow up and come out into society, they of course consider it the end and aim of existence; but in a year or two they become indifferent, and lose all care for it; but as they grow to be about twenty-five and so on, their old anxiety returns stronger than ever."—*Emily Chester.*

☞ A new material for soling shoes has made its appearance. It is a substance of which India rubber is the basis, but it is heavier, and whilst as solid as iron, is flexible and elastic. It is said that one pair of shoes soled with this article will outwear four pairs soled with the best English leather.

☞ Some of the rich fields of Missouri, after having borne twenty-five successive crops, fail to show any material decrease in productiveness.

☞ By keeping steadily drunk for one year, in Missouri, you can be divorced without fail. Isn't this a premium on drunkenness?

MY TWO SISTERS.

[In his new poem entitled "Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl," Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier thus describes two of his Sisters, "gone before, to the better land."]

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise,
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest—
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow,
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hill-side flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

[NOTE.—No lover of poetry, among the readers of THE POST, should fail to purchase a copy of this beautiful new poem of Mr. Whittier's. The volume is neither a large nor expensive one.

H. P.]

After Many Days.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

"You do not visit Mrs. Wilmer?" one friend asked the question of another.

"No, she is a perfect iceberg to me. I admire her very much at a distance. But her coldness chills and repels me."

"And yet she is among my warmest and most congenial friends."

"Yes, I know, I have never felt the attraction of a pure life more than I do of the quiet, young stranger who has come among us. It is strange that I should inspire her with such aversion. But I can only regret that it is so. She meets my advances with such perfectly lady-like indifference that it is impossible even to recognize the barrier between us, however keenly I may feel it."

"I do not understand it. You and Helen are pilgrims to the same Higher city, working earnestly for the same holy purposes, in the service of one Master. Why should you not be fellow travellers, working together, helping each other, and each the stronger for the sympathy of the other?"

The lady to whom this half-musing question was addressed showed strangely deep feeling. The other almost regretted having opened the subject when she marked the flushing cheek and tremulous lips.

"I have felt singularly drawn toward Mrs. Wilmer, and I have felt her coldness deeply. There is something very attractive in her simple, child-like ways, and her aims in life are so wholly unselfish and noble that I should indeed esteem it a privilege to come often within the sphere of her influence. I feel too that I am looked upon with a chilling distrust by those who stand high in my regard; and I grieve that I am so misunderstood by those whose sympathy I need, and almost covet."

"You had never met until she came here?"

"I think not. I am really certain, for she came from a state I have never visited."

A few days later the neighbor was sitting in Mrs. Wilmer's parlor. The problem was still in her mind; and found expression naturally in the topic of conversation. Mrs. Wilmer was in quest of a good home for an orphan girl, where she might be educated and trained to some labor for self-support.

"Mrs. Ellis is just the person to help you, Helen."

"I can never ask a favor of Mrs. Ellis for myself or another," was the impulsively spoken reply, and the sweet lip set itself bitterly.

"I am surprised to find you prejudging a woman so humbly and earnestly devoted to your own work in life, Helen."

"I ought not to speak like that, Mary. I am sorry; and yet I must repeat that I *cannot* appeal to Mrs. Ellis in behalf of this child."

"I wish that you would tell me what it is between you two?"

"Between us! Why, Mary, she does not even remember me half a year ago."

"Then you have heard or perhaps seen something—"

"I have heard and seen nothing. Please do not think of it again. Let us consider our second best chances now."

"Then your rejection of Mrs. Ellis's service is final."

"It *must* be," was the firm reply, and the lip grew bitter again.

"This is unlike you, Helen; ungenerous, even unkind. The stranger should be sacred from evil suspicion, like the dead. Tell me why it is that you cannot accept this charity from Mrs. Ellis? Surely you may trust me. I am your oldest friend, and I mean to be faithful, dear Helen."

Helen Wilmer's broad, white forehead flushed crimson.

"It is such a trifle, *now*. But it was no light thing when it happened. Let me tell you the whole story. Perhaps I have felt wrongly from the beginning, and therefore acted wrongly. You must remember that I am not talking of a calm, reasoning woman; but of a sensitive, impulsive child; one who learned very early to recoil from any direct or indirect allusion to the outward surroundings of her lot, with more than childish feeling. I was not envious or discontented, I think, but very happy in my humble home, among the many brothers and sisters whom the utmost exertion of my kind parents barely sufficed to shelter, feed and clothe, while they were laying the foundations of a liberal education for us all. I have always been very thankful that I was content and happy with the great love God had given to us instead of silver and gold. I only felt our poverty for my parents' sake, and any slighting reminder of it became to my tender spirit a deep insult to the father and mother I loved with a passionate earnestness." Helen's brown eyes filled with quick tears, and she went on hastily. "I remember the first Sabbath school in our village, and my childish enjoyment of its privileges, although it was almost destitute of the attractions of our Sabbath-schools now. I shall never forget the experience of one summer Sabbath. I had received a new dress from a distant relative, and it was a rare present in those days. The neat, blue print, with its short sleeves and delicate ruffles had filled my imagination through the week; and my happiness was complete when Ellen Mason, my especial friend at school, and playmate in our half holidays, expressed her admiration to my heart's content. Ellen was the only child of wealthy parents, and her dress that morning was a bright muslin, with broad shoulder-knots and a flowing sash of rose-colored ribbon. I had no thought of envy; I did not care for muslin and ribbons, while I was so rich in my new possession. I do not think it was vanity. I think it was a child's pleasure, and only false teaching could have made it pride. The Sabbath-school was under the supervision of a lady; and in the midst of our lesson she came and stood by our teacher. I heard her say in a low tone, looking up and down the row of little girls on our seat, 'We are trying to form a class for those poor little Browns, and I need one more girl. Of course Ellen Mason will not want to go; *this* one will do.' I feel my cheeks redden now as they did then with honest indignation. Everything was expressed in that carelessly spoken sentence. '*This one will do!*' Looking back calmly to that hour I *know* that if she had represented the case to me fairly I should not have hesitated between the seat by Ellen Mason's side, and a seat among those little ones who had been gathered in from the highway. But I was not capable of reflecting, I only felt, then. And I felt keenly the distinction of apparel. I could not help perceiving that it was my dress she wished to place in the mission-class. I knew that Ellen Mason's lesson was never more thoroughly committed and understood than mine. It was my first lesson in worldly wisdom; and my respect for Mrs. Ellis perished in the heartache it cost me to comprehend. She was called by another name then, and I had not seen her for years and years when I came here, but that bitter Sabbath lesson rises fresh in my memory every time I look in her face. You do not understand me at all, Mary, for you have never felt a loving child's appreciation of a mother's careful toil, when that toil has cost hours of needful rest. It is not for myself that I feel this now; not even for that tender mother, whose careful hands prepared that valued dress; but I cannot after so many years clasp friendly hands with a woman who would wound a little child's heart and appeal to the vanity of another, whether the action was the result of thoughtlessness, or false views of life."

"Your story would pain Mrs. Ellis deeply. I know that she would regret that inconsiderate action bitterly. Is it kindly to cherish these feelings now, Helen? You are no longer a child; and Mrs. Ellis may suffer in the regard of others through that coldness which you have suffered to spring up in your heart against her."

"I have forgiven her, years ago. But I feel that it would be acting hypocritically to profess a friendship for one whom I do not even respect."

"You are mistaken, Helen. You have not forgiven her, in your heart."

"I know that my heart cries out against that early wrong. But it has taught me to be very careful of the feelings of others, and to be very tender of a child's love for its mother. It taught me to judge of the life rather than the outward garb. And perhaps I should have been grateful for the lesson, rather than leave the sting to rankle for years in my heart."

And so the wound was healed, after many days. But the scar remained. Mrs. Wilmer felt that Mrs. Ellis respected her womanhood because she could afford to be respectful to wealth and worldly position; and she remembered that the child of poverty-stricken parents had been deeply insulted by that mean spirit that observes the garment rather than the soul. Ah, that scar! It may be a word, a look even, that will fall into a child's heart, and spring up to bear bitter fruit that after many days shall be pressed to our lips again. Let us look well that we plant no thorns by the way to pierce our feet in after years. It is evil we have wrought when by a careless act we have hurt the holiest part of a child's nature.

"And evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

THE DONATION PARTY
AT ACTON PARSONAGE.

The lane, as well as the high road in the vicinity of the parsonage, was thronged with saddle horses and with vehicles of every description. It was not without some difficulty that George threaded his way through the narrow thoroughfare. As he drew near the dwelling the hum of many voices, and the sound of occasional bursts of hearty laughter, saluted his ears. He could see through the open door and windows that the hall, and apparently all the rooms in the house, were crowded to their utmost capacity; as well they might be, if the occupants of the numerous carts and carriages, and the riders of the many saddle horses, had united themselves with the number of visitors who had walked from the village near by.

"I don't wonder at my aunt feeling annoyed at the idea of such a visitation of Goths and Vandals," thought the young Englishman, who was not yet accustomed to the great social freedom that prevails in America, especially in these more remote country districts, where inequality in social position is hardly yet recognized.

His cousin Mary, who had been for some time awaiting his return, saw him enter the garden gate, and came forth to meet him, arrayed in her best attire, and looking very different from the harrassed and annoyed and somewhat pettish young lady she had appeared to be in the morning.

"Come in, George," said Miss Mary, taking her cousin by the hand, and leading him towards the kitchen door. "The hall is so crowded," she added, "that you'd hardly be able to push your way through the front door. I'm so glad that you have come that I won't scold, though you are, as usual, nearly an hour behind your time. There have been so many inquiries about you that mamma and I have had enough to do to frame excuses for your non-appearance to the many young ladies who live at a distance, and have, as yet, only had the honor to meet you in church on Sundays. They are half disposed to feel affronted at your uncavalier like conduct in absenting yourself; for I believe we owe this unusually large gathering chiefly to your visit to the parsonage. Certainly we never had so many *young* women assemble before that I can recollect."

Thus cousin Mary ran on, without affording George an opportunity to put in a word.

"I must go up-stairs," he said, at length, "and wash my hands, and make a few alterations in my dress. A shooting-jacket and gaiters are not exactly the habiliments in which to be presented to ladies at a party."

"Nonsense!" said Mary; "nothing of the kind is necessary. Those are some of your finnikin English notions; well enough in New York or Boston, I dare say, but out of place among us plain country folk. Besides," she went on to say, laughingly, "you can't do anything of the sort. There's a party of young ladies eating dough-nuts and drinking currant wine up in your bedroom, and your ewer is full of greengages, and your basin is heaped with hickory-nuts, and you can't get to the sink in the kitchen, because the men have gone into the kitchen and washhouse to smoke, and the kitchen sink is full of winter turnips, and so is the boiler, and all the pails in the house are occupied; so *en avance, monsieur mon cousin*, and let me lead you in an introduce you at once."

George was obliged to comply with as good a grace as possible. On entering the rear of the passage, however, he very nearly fell headlong over a sack of potatoes, and endeavoring to catch himself from falling, he clutched at a table which he knew to stand on the opposite side of the dark passage, and struck his hand through the crust of a huge apple-pie.

Oh, *you* clumsy!" exclaimed cousin Mary. "Is that the manner in which people are accustomed to enter a house in England? Oh, you uncivilized being!"

"It's not generally the custom in England to lumber up the entries to a house with sacks of vegetables," replied George, a trifle vexed, for his shirt-cuff, as well as the cuff of his coat, was soaked with the sticky juice of the pie. "I am sorry, though," he added, "that I've spoilt aunt Ellen's pie."

"Oh, the pie's of no consequence," said cousin Mary. "There are seventeen of them in the house that *I* know of—perhaps more. It's *your* clumsiness that I'm thinking of; and see what a 'muss' you've made of yourself! Here, take my handkerchief and rub it off the best way you can, and throw the handkerchief under the table."

"There now—that must do. Now come along," she went on, when George had cleansed his wrist and hand as well as he was able. 'Fortunately it's your left hand;" and, again taking her cousin by the hand, the young lady led him through the dark passage, merrily warning him against the numerous obstructions, until they reached the parlor without further accident.

The room was thronged with visitors, who were for the most part gathered round a long table, brought into the parlor for the occasion, which was loaded with eatable and drinkables of every conceivable variety, placed in juxtaposition without any regard to congruity. Those of the visitors who were fortunate enough to find places at the table were helping those who stood behind them to all sorts of viands gathered up hap-hazard, while some of those who were crowded out were stretching over the shoulders of their more fortunate friends, and snatching at anything that came first to hand. Some of the elder ladies were assisting Mrs. Upton to pack away stores of various kinds in the cupboards, while Mr. Upton stood at the sideboard loaded with demijohns of cider, bottles of home-made wine, glasses, etc., etc., enlisting his thirsty guests to such liquids as they most favored. The unceasing din of so many voices rendered it impossible to discover the general tenor of the conversation, though the frequent merry bursts of laughter from the younger visitors, and the cheery recognitions of the elders, proved that all were on good terms with each other, and that all were enjoying themselves thoroughly.

"Now, George," said cousin Mary, "make yourself as agreeable as possible. Stay; I'll introduce you to the company."

"Ladies and gentlemen, my cousin, Mr. George Neville, from England! There, that will do. Now I shall leave *you* to amuse the young ladies, and go and help mamma."

Cousin Mary led George to a group of females of various ages, and the minister's "nevey" became at once the object of general attention. He was obliged to shake hands all round, and then to shake hands again and again, as fresh relays of visitors came pouring into the parlor from the other apartments, until not a spare inch of standing-room was available, and to reply over and over again to innumerable questions as to how he liked the country, what he thought of the American people generally and of the people of New Hampshire in particular, how long a time had elapsed since he had left England, what was his object in coming to America, where he expected to go next, what he expected to do, whether he had attended donation parties "tew hum," whether he intended to return to the "old country," and, if he intended to return, when, and what were his notions of the country, and of the American people. Besides all these questions, he had to reply to various invitations to visit sundry of his uncle's guests at their own homes. Deacon Willis, who was a leading elder, a justice of the peace, a "select man" of the parish, and a captain of the state militia—in fact, one of the great "guns" of the district—gave the young man a pressing invitation to attend his "apple-paring,"* which was to come off during the ensuing week; and Miss† Deborah Parton, a widow lady in independent circumstances, something of a blue-stocking, partial to "isms," and suspected of strong-mindedness, gave him a general invitation to her Wednesday afternoon "quilting-bee;"‡ while the younger women took stock of his personal appearance, and giggled and tittered as if he were some novel specimen of the *genus homo*, the like of which they had never seen before, though many of them shrunk away when he addressed them, and blushed, and hung their heads, as though they were the most timid creatures in the world.

However, the young Englishman passed through the ordeal with tolerable success, and generally succeeded in making a good impression upon the visitors.

The eating and drinking and gossiping continued until darkness began to creep over the scene; then a few set speeches were made. Deacon Willis presented a purse of thirty-five dollars, with some flowery remarks upon the esteem in which the minister and his family were held by the members of the church; to which the minister briefly responded, and at the same time expressed the pleasure he and his family had experienced in thus meeting their friends, and their gratitude for the numerous donations. A chapter was read from the Bible, a hymn was sung by the united voices of the party, and the minister knelt in prayer. Then bonnets and hats and overcoats and shawls were sought for, the ladies were assisted to the vehicles or mounted on their pillions, amidst much joking, and tittering, and occasional feminine exclamations of amusement or pretended affright; the gentlemen got into the carriages or mounted their horses; mutual farewells were spoken; and, in the serene, starlit beauty of an American autumn night, the party all set forth together for their several homes, their loud conversation and merry laughter being borne on the light evening breeze to the ears of the minister's family long after they had reached the end of the lane, and had passed out of sight from the parsonage. The surprise donation party was over. And what if the object of these donation parties, though well intended, be reprehensible? Happy are the people who can find sufficient amusement in, and can look forward with pleasant anticipation to, the return of such Arcadian festivals, and more who seek not after, because they know nothing of, more exciting and less innocent pleasures.

The donation party was over. Not so the troubles of the inmates of the parsonage-house—the victims of this well intended inroad upon domestic privacy. The household had been thrown into such a state of confusion, and was so lumbered up with bulky provisions of every description, that the night was far advanced before even a semblance of the customary order and neatness was restored. As to packing and stowing away, that was of necessity left to the next day. Mrs. Upton declared that the family would have to live upon apple-pastries for a month to come. As to apples, potatoes, and beans and cabbages—with all of which the household had been sufficiently supplied previous to the party—it was impossible to conjecture how they should be consumed before they were spoilt. The crops had been abundant. Everybody in the village was well supplied. The green vegetables would not pay the cost of carriage to the Boston market, and yet it was a shame to give them to the pigs and cattle. The jellies and preserves were well enough, also the home-made wines. "A minister's wife," said Mrs. Upton, "can always find use among the aged, and sick, and feeble, for any quantity of such stores." But, after all, the donation in money was the thing that was really acceptable, and one-fourth of the market value of the rest of the gifts would have been more desirable.

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Upton, as she looked with dismay upon the piles of cabbages, and carrots, and other perishable articles that lay heaped up in every corner. "What *shall* we do with them?"

The poor lady was perfectly bewildered with the plethora of good things with which her house was stored, and at length she was obliged to give up all thought about their future disposal for the night, and to seek her well-earned rest.

Thus ended the day of the donation party at Acton Parsonage.

And George Neville, as he laid his head upon his pillow that night, and thought over the events of the day, and his conversation in the morning with his aunt, agreed fully with her that a fourth of the monetary value of the donations would have been more desirable, and that, at the best, a donation party, though sanctioned by custom, was neither more nor less than a plan for the bestowal of charity, in a manner that must be humiliating to its recipients; and that it would be far more satisfactory to all concerned if, on the principle that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," the ministers' salaries were raised to such a degree as to render such eleemosynary donations unnecessary.

* An "apple-paring" is a gathering of friends and neighbors to assist in paring, cutting up, and stringing winter apples for pies, "sarce," etc., etc., and is always a festive meeting.

† The term "Miss" is applied in the country parts of New England to single and married women and widows alike in every condition of life.

‡ A "quilting-bee" is an assemblage of females at a neighbor's house for the purpose of quilting, or joining in some other needlework, or feminine mystery, and improving the opportunity by gossiping over the news of the village. Gentlemen sometimes attend to read to the ladies, join in the gossip, and escort them home in the evening.

☞ A QUESTION.—At a revival, not long since, an old lady prayed fervently "for the young lambs of the flock." A "lady in black," not to be outdone by her sister, responded, and blandly asked, who was to pray for "the old ewes?" This set the congregation in a roar.

"Miasm,"

Is from a Greek word which means *emanation*; that is, ARISING FROM; because it comes up from the surface of the earth. It is a short word, but it brings weary sickness and agonizing death to hundreds of thousands every year; it will bring sickness and death, sooner or later, to many a reader of this article; but a sickness and death which could have been avoided.

MIASM is the principal cause of nearly every "epidemic" disease; that is, of every sickness which "falls upon the people;" attacking numbers in any community, such as fever and ague, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, bilious, intermittent, congestive and yellow fevers. But it is gratifying to know that it is an avoidable cause of disease. Money and wisely directed efforts can banish it from almost any locality. All that is needed is to know the laws of miasm, and wisely adapt ourselves to them.

In 1860, one of the daily papers of New Orleans stated:—"The yellow fever has broken out in the city under every conceivable variety of circumstances; when the streets were clean and when they were filthy; when the river was high and when it was low; after a prolonged drought, and in the midst of daily torrents; when the heat was excessive, and when the air was spring-like and pleasant; when excavations and disturbances of the soil had been frequent, and when scarcely a pavement had been laid or a building erected. Almost the only fixed and undeniable fact connected with the disease is, that its prevalence is simultaneous with the heats of summer, and that frost is its deadly enemy." Here, then, are two important laws of miasm; and scientific observation directed to that special point in all countries, confirms the two great truths, that,

First. Miasm prevails in hot weather.

Second. Miasm cannot exist as a cause of disease in cold weather.

Third. An inference is drawn embodying a third law of miasm, which is, that it is a cause of disease only from June to October, in our latitudes.

Fourth. A fourth law of miasm is confirmed by the now historical fact, that for three summers yellow fever has not been known as an epidemic in New Orleans; because, from the scientific views held by those in power in that city in the early summer of 1861, it has been kept *well drained*; in other words, it has been kept clean and dry.

It is within the memory of the present generation, that some thirty years ago or more, the city of Louisville, in Kentucky, was one of the most pestilential spots in the habitable West. But by a wise system of filling and draining, it is now one of the healthiest, as well as one of the most beautiful cities of the great valley.

We have then arrived at four controlling facts in reference to miasm—that heat and moisture are essential to its production in any locality; that it cannot exist where there is severe frost or great dryness.

But as it is known the world over that miasm never exists in deserts, where there is nothing but dry sand and a burning heat, it is clear that something more than heat is necessary to cause miasm. But it is further known that when miasm is so malignant in localities where it is certain death to sleep on shore for a single night, a man can go a mile, and sleep on shipboard, and keep in perfect health; this shows that something more than heat and moisture are necessary to the production of miasm. The third element is vegetation, anything that grows from the earth in the nature of grass, leaves, or wood. These three things in combination are the great agents for the production of miasm; no two of them can produce it—they all must be present together, and for a considerable time, so as to produce destructive decay of the vegetation, which requires a degree of heat exceeding eighty degrees of Fahrenheit. These three elements will always produce miasm, whether out of doors, under the influence of the heat of the sun, or on shipboard, or in an uncleanly kitchen, by the heat of stoves or fireplaces.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Likes and Dislikes of an Editor.

The arrival of the mails is the great event of the editorial day. An editor likes a "fat mail," that is, plenty of letters with money in them. He is a mercenary dog.

He likes to receive communications which save him labor, such as may fill a place in his columns without being shortened or "fixed up." He is a lazy fellow.

His detestation of a long, badly written manuscript, which may have a grain of interest lurking under its blots and scratches, and which, therefore, he feels it his duty to read, has never been expressed in words, and never can be. He is an irascible person, rather.

He likes to receive a letter from a remote place, telling him that his paper is the best in the world. He is a modest man.

He likes (that is, a young editor,) to go into a handsome apartment in the house of "one of the first families," and see a lovely woman sitting on a magnificent sofa, under a resplendent astral lamp, so deeply absorbed in the perusal of the last number that she does not notice his entrance for five minutes. How he blushes! He forms a high opinion of her moral, social and intellectual worth.

He likes, when two thousand miles from home, to see a backwoodsman sitting on a stump in front of his log-cabin on a fine Sunday morning, lost in the columns of his incomparable sheet. This gives him an idea of the universality of his genius.

He likes all those exchanges which have the discrimination to copy any thing from his columns, particularly if the article is preceded by some commendatory observations. But—

He abhors an exchange which copies without credit; he has a good mind to cease exchanging with such a fellow. But magnanimity forbids.

He likes excessively to see an article of his in the London Times, credited to an American paper.

Why couldn't they put the credit properly? is what he would like to know.

He likes to be the first to announce any thing. But—

If in his eagerness to do so, he has made a man dead who is only sick, and is ignominiously corrected by a rival, and obliged himself to acknowledge the error, he don't like it.

He likes—Oh! how he likes it! to get out the best number he ever issued; he has this happen very frequently.

He dislikes—*Oh!* how he dislikes a typographical error in the best phrase of the best sentence of the best article in the paper. Typographical errors generally occur in that very place.

FAITHFUL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Pure and sweet, pure and sweet is the touch of
thy lip—
Warm and true is the clasp of thy dear little
hand;
And the cup it can hold at a friend's mouth to
sip,
Is sweet as Ambrosia from that sunny land
Where flowers never fade,
And no dark, chilling shade,
Dims the light streaming over the bright golden
strand.

When the heart sinks with heaviness,—eyes wet
with tears
Look back through the vista of long, bitter
years—
Come again to the Present where shadows still
lie,
And storms darkly brood in a dull, leaden
sky,—
There is nothing so sweet
In this wide world to meet,
As a warm, faithful friend—and that dear friend
have I!

Oh, darling, I bless you with more than a
word!
My heart, like the depth of an ocean is stirred;
And up from the deeps of a warm, grateful love,
Do my lips waft your name to that dear One
above,
Who will bend to His child
With a sweet pity mild,
And listen to prayers which a friend's worth
can prove.

May never a grief fill thy dear little heart;
And never a tear in thy tender eyes start.
But if these *do* come, *may* you then fully know
The sweetness of true, faithful love in your woe.
On the brow of the true,—
Such, darling, as you,
God's blessing is printed as fair as the snow.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

OVER THE CLIFF.

It would be worse than useless to attempt a portrayal of the feelings of Isaline Holcombe as she found herself being borne away by the dreadful Methoto. She could not have described them herself, because there are certain sensations of horrid despair for which language has no adequate expression. Fancy yourself being carried off by a demon into outer darkness, and you have the nearest approach to what she experienced that can possibly be given. She had screamed out in her agony of horror, and then had become silent, though not unconscious. She knew and felt and thought rapidly, with a thousand recollections of the past crowding upon her every moment, but hers was the passively physical state of awful dread and uncertainty of one standing on the drop of the scaffold waiting to be launched into eternity. Away and away they sped through the forest, with its gathering gloom of advancing night, Methoto holding her with arms of iron and urging onward his rushing beast. She heard the yells of his pursuers for a time, and prayed they might be successful in recapturing her—for far better, she thought, to be in the hands of savages and near him she loved, than alone in the power of the strange being who was bearing her she knew not whither, nor to what doom. But as night drew on, even this poor hope died out—for the sounds of pursuit gradually grew distant and then ceased altogether—and Isaline felt that nothing but God's mercy could save her.

"Squaw girl mine!" now muttered Methoto, as if to himself, with his strong arms pressing her even closer to him.

It is one of the mercies of Heaven, that hope, phœnix like, often springs into new life from the very ashes of despair; and so was it now with poor Isaline, in this her darkest hour of trial. Her spirits had sunk to the last degree at which consciousness could be retained, and for a time she felt utterly prostrated and helpless—as if she were nothing but a piece of dull clay in the hands of a fiery potter. Then came back, as a ray of light gleaming in upon a sea of night, a slight gathering of courage, and a faint renewal of hope, each strengthening the other into new and active life. She was alone with this man, she reasoned—who, dark and brutalized though he might be, was still human and swayed by selfish passions, such as govern most men, however they may be concealed or displayed—and why not use her only weapon of self-defence, and play upon his feelings for a righteous purpose—the protection and salvation of herself? Why had he snatched her away from all others and deserted his companions forever? Was it not because of a strong, wild passion he had conceived for her? too selfishly barbarous to be dignified by the holy term of love, and yet not unlike it in some of its effects! Then why not make use of this passion—which, if left to its wild course, would destroy her—why not make use of it and mold it and control it to save herself? She had once before tried her powers of fascination on him with the success she sought, and why not again? As he had fled from the Indians in a way that would most probably preclude forever a return to them, might she not persuade him to seek out some of his own race and color, and thus get herself into the hands of men strong enough to take her from his possession and restore her to her father? or if not this, might she not succeed in keeping herself from harm till some opportune moment should arrive for escaping from his vigilance?

With this worthy object in view, poor Isaline, with her very soul racked with anguish at the recollection of the terrible events that had been crowded upon her within the last few days, prepared to play a part at such total variance with her feelings that she even shuddered while she contemplated it. Summoning all her faculties to her aid, she at length spoke the name of Methoto, in a low, quiet tone.

"Oogh!" grunted the white savage.

"Where are you going?" asked Isaline.

"Run away from Injun!" was the answer, in a tone indicating some surprise, for evidently the question was not expected.

"You will not harm me, Methoto?" said Isaline, in the same quiet way.

"Me no hurt squaw girl!" was the reply.

"Will you not tell me then where you are going?"

"Me don't know—get heap away from Injun."

"The Indians have already given up the pursuit, I think."

"May be so Injun follow trail to-morrow."

"Then we had better go to some station, where we can be protected!" said Isaline.

"No un'stand much speak Englee!" was the reply.

Isaline repeated her suggestion in even a more simple form.

"Methoto 'fraid white man hang um."

"If Methoto will treat me well, and do me no harm, I will say to the white men they must not harm Methoto."

"Oogh! squaw girl mine!" said the other.

"Yes, I am in your hands; and I can say to the white men that Methoto has been kind to me; and then they may not hurt you, but give you handsome presents."

"No want present—want squaw girl live Methoto!"

"Well, could I not live there with you better than here?"

"May be so white girl run away again!" said the suspicious white savage. "Best stay in wood, guess!"

"But how can we live in the wood? We must have something to eat."

"Me got gun—shoot heap."

"But I must have corn as well as meat."

"Me get heap corn for squaw wife."

"Where can you get corn?"

"Me go steal um."

"But we must have a house to live in."

"Me go where house white squaw see when run away."

"That is a great way off, and we cannot get there to-night."

"Much ride fast all night."

"But it is dark now, Methoto, and I am afraid the bushes will hurt me: they often strike against my face."

"Oogh! so me show!" said the other, bending Isaline over toward the neck of the horse as he spoke, and then putting his own head down near hers. "So bushes no hurt!" he pursued, urging his beast at the same time to greater speed. "Much ride so heap fast, no hurt!" he added.

"But where are you going, Methoto?" repeated the poor girl, with a feeling of despair.

"Much run heap, then stop!" he said.

Isaline now felt there was nothing more she could say or do at present, and so she remained quiet and silent, permitting matters to take their own course, but praying Heaven to guide her to some point of safety.

Away and away sped the panting beast, under the trees and through the thickets, up hill and down, going she knew not whither, but swiftly putting mile after mile between her and him to whom her soul went out in a great agony of yearning sympathy and love, and whom she had left a bound and helpless prisoner in the hands of cruel savages and might never behold again with mortal eyes. Oh! the agony, the unutterable anguish, of that long, dismal, painful ride!

Methoto did not pretend to guide his horse any more. It would have been useless attempting to do so, for the beast could see much better than himself. He did not seem to care whither the animal went, so that he kept on and on, and put mile after mile between him and the savages. It was a heavy burden the poor beast was carrying at such a rapid pace; but though he foamed and panted, Methoto gave no heed to his condition, but still urged him forward, taxing his strength to the utmost, seeming to care for nothing but his own selfish purpose.

"Oh, Methoto, you will kill me!" at length groaned poor Isaline.

"Me no hurt squaw girl!" replied the white Indian, mistaking the meaning of his fair prisoner.

"Why do you not stop? at least for rest?" said Isaline.

"Bime-by stop!" grunted Methoto. "Get much heap away from Injun!"

The horse soon after entered a small stream and stopped himself to drink.

"Water good break trail!" said Methoto, as the idea occurred to him, that here, by this means, he might baffle pursuit. "Oogh! water much good fool Injun!" he pursued. "Us go heap 'long water!"

He waited till the panting beast had drank his fill, and then guided him slowly down the bed of the stream, the water of which was only a few inches deep, but the footing rough and uncertain. He kept on in this way for a mile or more, and then said, with a sort of laugh:

"Guess Injun have heap hunt now!"

He then turned his horse to the opposite bank, and again urged him forward through the wood, as uncertain about where he was, or whither he was going, as Isaline herself.

At last they ascended a short, but rather steep, hill or ridge; and just as they fairly reached the top of it, the wild, terrifying shriek of the Phantom was heard ringing through the forest. Isaline was startled, but Methoto was scared. As superstitious as any of the savages, he believed it to be a demon of darkness; and remembering what the Indians had said concerning whoever should attempt to harm Isaline—and remembering, too, the misfortune which had overtaken Hampton for doing far less perhaps than he was doing now—he suddenly felt his heart sink, and began to tremble like a coward. Instinctively he jerked out his tomahawk and struck the horse a violent blow on the flank. The beast, already snorting with fear, made a wild leap forward, and the next moment attempted to recoil on the verge of a precipice. Too late—the momentum was too great—and, after hanging poised for a bare moment, over he went; and riders and horse went down—down—far down—upon the rough and stony earth below.

The noble brute struck with a dull sound; and then he himself sent forth a shriek more wild and terrifying than that which had been the primary cause of the disaster. He shrieked and struggled for a few moments; and then, uttering a long, heavy, dismal groan, remained still in death.

And his riders? how was it with them?

Isaline lay on one side of the dead beast, and Methoto on the other. They had both struck with a shock, and a rebound that had sundered and sent them different ways, as if Nature herself, abhorring the late union, had here asserted her great law of repulsion and parted them forever—separated the dark, guilty man from the sweet, innocent maiden.

Both lay still. Were they both dead? was all over with them? Had their mortal existence already closed and eternity already opened upon their immortal being?

For a short time after the last expiring struggle of the beast, both lay there, upon the hard, stony earth, near the rippling plash of water, in the dark gloom of night, motionless as the huge rocks above them.

Then there began to be signs of life in one. Methoto stirred and groaned—stirred and groaned again—and then, slowly and painfully, raised up his head and body—a ghastly sight if he could have been seen—his body all bruised and his face all bloody. Slowly he turned his face around and tried to pierce the gloom. He could not see far, but far enough to comprehend his situation. To the left and above him rose the high cliff over which he had fallen—to the right and a little below, stretched out a dark river—and before him lay the dead body of his horse, with perhaps another dead body, a human body, a little beyond. He put up his hand and felt of the cuts and bruises on his head, wiped the blood from his face and eyes, and then attempted to get upon his feet. He made the effort, shrieked, and fell back. Miserable wretch! the punishment of Heaven was now upon him! Both of his legs were broken, and one was fearfully shattered and crushed!

The shriek of Methoto seemed to rouse up Isaline. She uttered two or three low moans, and then raised her head and looked wildly and fearfully around her. She evidently did not comprehend all at first—for she said, as if speaking to herself, putting one hand to her forehead:

"Where am I? where am I?"

Methoto groaned, but Isaline did not heed.

"Ha! what is this?" exclaimed Isaline, raising herself still more, and looking wonderingly at the dead beast, which lay between her and the white savage. "Ah, yes, I remember now! That strange, terrible man was carrying me off, when we went over some awful precipice—down, down, down—Heaven only knows where! Am I alone? Has he gone and left me? or has he been killed by the fall?"

Methoto groaned again.

"Ha! what is that?"

"Me killed!" groaned the white Indian.

"Is it you, Methoto?" said Isaline, starting to her feet and looking quickly around, till her eyes fell upon him, stretched out beyond the horse like a black shadow. "Are you badly hurt, Methoto?" she asked, in a tone of sympathy, all her sweet, womanly feelings rising above the remembrance of her wrongs at this knowledge of distress, and going up to Heaven like a living prayer.

"Oogh! me killed!" groaned the sufferer again. "Water! water! water!"

The shock of the fall, which had partly stunned her, together with her overstrained feelings, both before and while she was going down, as she believed to certain death, had brought on a temporary swoon, or state of unconsciousness; and this and a few slight bruises, were, through the mercy of that Providence in which she had so much faith, the only injuries our sweet heroine had received. She therefore now rose to her feet without difficulty, and walked around to where Methoto was lying stretched out in the most agonizing pain, and stood beside that dark man of crime like an angel of light.

"Squaw girl no hurt Methoto—me heap sorry!" said the poor wretch, in a piteous tone, evidently thinking he must say something to appease the anger of her who now, by the reversed condition in which they were placed, had it in her power to avenge her own wrongs.

"If you are sorry, Methoto," said Isaline, kindly and solemnly, "may the Great Spirit forgive you!"

"Me heap sorry!" groaned Methoto. "Squaw girl forgive?" he asked, with eager earnestness.

"You probably acted according to your nature and the light you had received, and I will let the past go and do what I can for you, now that you have met with such fearful retribution!" answered Isaline.

Methoto only partly comprehended her, and quickly repeated:

"Squaw girl forgive?"

"As you understand it—yes!" replied Isaline.

"Me love squaw girl heap!"

"You must not talk so to me!" said Isaline, reprovingly; "our natures are too far asunder for that!"

"Me no un'stand much speak."

"You must not talk to me of love!" repeated Isaline; "I do not like to hear you. I cannot love you; but I will do what I can to help you now. Where are you hurt?"

"Leg broke! broke! broke!" groaned the other. "Water! water! water!"

"I hear water near us," said Isaline, kindly, "and I think I see a river, but I have no means for bringing it to you."

Methoto thought of his cap, made of the skin of a raccoon, which was now lying by his side; and handing this to Isaline, he said:

"Fill water!"

Isaline hurried down to the stream, dipped it full, and returned in haste to the groaning sufferer with about half of it, the other half having leaked out on the way. Methoto seized the rude vessel with both hands, and almost poured the remainder down his throat.

"Good!" he grunted. "More! more!"

Isaline went again, and still again, before Methoto became satisfied.

"Can I do anything more for you?" asked the noble hearted girl, seeming to forget herself in her sympathy for the sufferings of one who had in effect, if not in intent, proved himself a cruel foe.

"Oh, me killed!" groaned the other. "Where me go?"

"Alas, poor man, I cannot tell you—I know not where we are myself!" replied Isaline, now trembling at the thought of her own lonely, unprotected condition, and recalling, with a terrible pang, the still more awful condition of him she loved.

They had ridden for hours—they had ridden mile upon mile—and yet, strange to say, they were now less than a league and a half from the Indian camp they had left! Without a guide, the poor dumb beast had taken by chance a long, round-about course, and had at last fallen over one of the precipitous cliffs of the Kentucky river.

While poor Isaline stood before Methoto in harrowing perplexity, and the latter lay writhing and groaning with pain, that most dismal of all sounds, to be heard at night when abroad in the forest alone, the howl of a prowling, hungry wolf, came borne up against the light breeze and made Isaline shudder. Soon after, the first howl was answered by another in a different direction, and then by another, and still another, and every minute the trembling maiden fancied the dismal sounds drew nearer, as if the smell of blood had tainted the whole atmosphere and was bringing these ravenous creatures to their feast.

"Oh, merciful Heaven, we shall have the wild wolves upon us!" she exclaimed in terror.

"Where gun?" asked Methoto quickly, as if in alarm, and lifting up his body with his hands.

"I do not know—I have not seen it!" answered the trembling Isaline.

"Me drop—squaw find—quick!"

Isaline began a hurried search, getting down on her knees and feeling all around with her hands. She spent some five minutes in this manner, and yet met with no success—the howling of the wolves meantime sounding oftener and nearer, as if they were gradually collecting together and approaching the fated spot where the dead beast lay.

"Oh, my God! we shall be torn to pieces at last!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in terror.

"Squaw girl find Methoto gun!" cried the now frightened white savage.

"I cannot find it, Methoto!" almost gasped Isaline. "I have felt all around, on every side, and it is not here! Oh, Heaven, what is to be done? The wolves are coming nearer and nearer. There! hark! that one was not far off! Oh, Father in Heaven," she prayed, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, "Thou who hast in Thy holy wisdom preserved me through so many perils, vouchsafe me some deliverance now, that I be not torn to death by these wild beasts!"

"Must go water!" cried Methoto, beginning to drag himself toward the river.

At that moment, while the dismal voices of the gathering wolves were filling the souls of Isaline and Methoto with terror, the strange, wild, prolonged, quavering, and seemingly unearthly shriek of the Phantom, came thrilling down from above, as if it might be the agonized cry of a lost spirit, or an avenging demon.

For a moment Isaline stood speechless, as if paralyzed, and Methoto uttered a wild, terrified yell.

The wolves howled louder and nearer, and the Phantom or Demon shrieked again.

Isaline felt as if her senses were leaving her, and Methoto forgot his pain in his terror.

Again the wolves howled, and again the Unknown shrieked.

It was as if Pandemonium were coming to earth.

Finding again the use of her limbs, Isaline sprung to Methoto and cowered down by his side. Poor girl! it was the only shadow of protection that occurred to her almost distracted mind. She felt as if she must be beside something human, or else lose her senses.

"Must get river! must get river!" groaned the terrified Methoto, making a desperate struggle to drag himself forward by his hands.

"Here, I will help you all I can!" cried Isaline, starting up and seizing one of his arms. "Far better to drown than to be torn to death by wild beasts!"

"Fraid Devil catch um!" gasped the wounded white savage, more fearful of the shrieking Evil Spirit, as he supposed the Unknown to be, than of the hungry wolves, which were not likely to attack a human being at that season of the year, especially with other less dangerous food so near.

The water was only a few feet distant from the base of the cliff, and, assisted by Isaline, Methoto made a terrible effort to reach it, dragging his crushed and broken limbs over the stony beach, with such excruciating pain as almost to deprive him of his senses.

The water was not deep along the shore, and Methoto soon reached and dragged himself into it, still assisted by Isaline, who waded in with less fear of danger there than from the beach where the approaching wolves would soon be gathered.

And where they were soon gathered indeed; for, looking back, she presently beheld fiery eyes and shadowy forms, and heard the most terrific and savage growls, as they leaped in together upon the carcass of the unfortunate horse, and began to rend it in pieces and devour it with the wildest, maddened fury. It was a sight calculated to shake the stoutest nerves and make the bravest heart quail; and how poor, unprotected Isaline could look upon it and not faint with terror, was a mystery to herself. But she had of late been through so many perils, and seen so much of the terrible and horrible, that unconsciously to herself her keen senses had become somewhat dulled, like one who has borne great physical pain so long as to feel far less acutely than at first.

Had Methoto been the man he was before he met with the accident that rendered him more helpless than a child, and been armed with his trusty rifle, he would not have feared to encounter the formidable pack of wild beasts alone; but now he was terribly frightened, and wanted to get away from the awful scene.

"Much get in river—you draw—get heap away!" he said to Isaline.

She understood him to mean that he would like to get into deeper water and be drawn far down the stream.

"I am afraid to venture in any further, lest I miss my footing, get beyond my depth, and drown!" she replied.

"Me go—you stay land!" he rejoined.

"But I cannot aid you if you get beyond my reach."

"Me fix um!" he pursued, producing a thong of deer-skin, of some ten or twelve feet in length, which he carried about with him as an article often needed in his forest life.

As he could use his hands and arms, he quickly made an end of this fast to one of the latter, and gave the other end to Isaline, who was to move along the beach and keep him from being carried off by the current while floating along down the stream in deep water.

Just as this arrangement was completed, and while the ravenous wolves were snarling and fighting over the dead body of the horse, which they had more than half devoured, both Isaline and Methoto were still more amazed and terrified by a strange and novel sight.

There was another wild, fearful shriek of the Phantom, followed by a great commotion among the wolves, which began to scatter in different directions, as if they were being assailed by some superior animal. In another minute not one of the beasts was to be seen, but in their place a shadowy figure, like a human being, which glided down toward the trembling Isaline, carrying in its hands, or claws, or whatever they were, something that looked like a formidable club. She would have screamed in her terror, but she was speechless; she would have fled, but she had lost the power of motion. As for Methoto, he lay in the shallow water, perfectly helpless, looking at the Apparition with open mouth, dilated nostrils, suspended breath, and glaring eyes. Both seemed to feel and know it was the dreadful Unknown of the forest; but neither had the power to get away from it: they were literally spell-bound.

It glided up to Isaline and stood before her, face to face, its bright eyes looking directly into hers. It was only star-light, but she could see enough to convince her it was the same fearful Creature she had first beheld in the Indian camp, with its short, smooth hair completely covering it—face, arms, hands and body. It stood before her in silence, and looked right at her for quite a minute, she still conscious and staring back, but feeling as if she had suddenly been turned into marble. Then one hand of this mysterious Thing was placed upon Isaline's face, and brought slowly down over it, and then up and down again, and over her head, and around her neck and shoulders, and down about her waist, where it seemed to fondle and press, and draw her up nearer, like the arm of affection. Isaline felt her hair rise and her blood turn to ice; but she could not have moved or spoken then if her soul's salvation had depended on it. And yet, as if this were not enough to kill her with terror, there now came a wonderful and mysterious transformation. The hairy hands of this Mysterious Thing were suddenly carried upward to its own head, which was the next moment apparently lifted off and put aside, and in its place was seen a face—a strange, white, human, girlish face—with two bright eyes still looking straight into hers, and seemingly charming her like the eyes of a serpent.

Methoto had seen something of this, but dimly, and yet enough to excite a feeling of such absolute terror that he sent forth a wild, despairing shriek.

Instantly the Unknown started back, grasped its club, whirled it aloft, and turned to him, still retaining its white, human face in its proper place, and holding its brown, hairy face and head in its hand.

"Devil, go leave me!" shrieked the terrified Methoto, in the Indian tongue, and making a desperate effort to throw himself further back into the river.

The Apparition advanced into the water and bent down over him.

Methoto yelled, and felt at his belt for a weapon. He found his knife still there, whipped it out, and, raising up his body as far as he could, made a thrust at the object of his dread and fear. Like lightning the thrust was parried by a downward blow of the club of the Phantom; and the knife, by a strange fatality, was driven deep into the bowels of the wretched man, inflicting a mortal wound.

Methoto sunk back, with a wild groan, the Phantom uttered a horrible shriek, and poor Isaline swooned and fell.

When morning once more dawned upon that tragic scene, it displayed the ghastly sight of a dead white man upon the beach, clad in skins, half in and half out of the water, its livid face contorted and upturned, and its rigid hands clutched in the gravelly soil, as if the spirit had been wrested from the body by a convulsive spasm: a bloody knife lay near it, a rifle farther up the beach, and, close under the precipitous cliff, the mangled and half-eaten body of a dead horse. Overhead the early vultures were flapping their filthy wings, screaming forth their discordant notes, and gathering to the horrid feast, which they had already scented from afar. The dark, jagged rocks rose frowningly above the awful scene, the dark river swept along with its dull ripple and dismal plash, the breeze seemed to moan as it floated timidly by, and no motion, nor sound, nor life was there, save only such as made even death more horrible.

Where was the strange Unknown?

Gone!

Where was poor Isaline Holcombe?

Gone!

Had they gone together? Had the one borne off the other? Would either ever be heard of more?

Had you asked the rocks, the woods, the waters, you would have heard only the solemn moan:

"Gone!—Gone!—Gone!"

CHAPTER XXX.

HOPE IN DESPAIR.

The night that Isaline was carried off by Methoto—that night in which she was exposed to all the perils and suffered all the horrors recorded in the previous chapter—it has been shown that Henry, owing to a heavy stupor, caused by excessive mental anguish, slept soundly; the second night, after a hard day's march, during which he made his escape from the Indians, it has also been shown he did not sleep at all; the day that followed, on which he and Tom went back on the main trail and set off on the other, proved one of great excitement, perplexity and fatigue; and it will be remembered we left him, with the third night closing in, in a state of great mental disturbance and depression, praying God to support and aid him.

While Tom had cooked his venison, and eaten it like a hungry man, laying in a store to supply the present and some portion of the uncertain future, he had had great difficulty in persuading Henry to touch it at all; and it was not in fact till the old woodman had positively declared, that "ef he didn't fill his boiler, like a decent Christian, he'd see him hanged afore he'd go a step furder with him arter the gal," that he had done anything like justice to his physical requirements.

The night alluded to was not cold—in fact the weather all along had been unusually warm for the time of year—but the air, after sunset, was moderately cool; and as our friends had no blankets now, and only the little clothing on them which the Indians had not stripped off, Tom thought they had better have a fire.

"I don't spect that ar' cussed white imp and his red niggers 'll come back on thar own track," he said, "and as thar arn't no others about be-yar, we won't run no risk, I reckons."

"Do as you think best, Tom!" sighed Henry, casting himself down and dropping his head upon his hands, as one buried in heavy thought or gloom.

Tom collected the materials, and soon the forest around was lit up with the crackling flames.

"Agh!" grunted Tom, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction, as he squatted down before the cheerful blaze; "this feels good, and looks good, and totes me back to old times, Harry, when me and you used to do a heap of tramping."

If Henry heard he did not heed, but still sat with his face buried in his hands; and after looking at him for a minute, Tom observed:

"Look-a-he-yar, younker—whar's the use o' you agwine on in a way that 'll jest split you fur to-morrow's work, hey?"

"I cannot help my thoughts, Tom."

"Yes you kin. Lay down and go to sleep, and git up fresh!"

"How can I sleep, Tom, while I am in such uncertainty about poor Isaline? Even now perhaps she may be suffering such cruel indignities as would make my b'ood run cold to name!"

"And then ag'in she mayn't; and let's sleep on the mayn't, Harry?"

"I tremble to think of her in the hands of Methoto! and I tremble more to think of her in the power of Blodget! Oh, Tom, suppose that latter fiend has overtaken her—and that, in the quarrel likely to follow, she has been murdered? or suppose that the decoy has secured her and gone on after the others, and shall succeed in getting her out of the country?"

"And so you mought go on s'posing till you died, and whar's the use? It don't make nothing no better, younker—no, sir! Ef you don't lay down and go to sleep, you'll use yourself up; and then s'pose you could save her, and hadn't got strength enough to do it?"

"True! true! your advice is good, Tom; but I fear I shall not be able to follow it. Oh, if it were only morning again!"

"Ef you'll only go to sleep, like a decent Christian, it 'll be morning in about two shakes of a dorg's tail!" said Tom.

"I will do my best," sighed Henry, "for I know the folly of losing my rest as well as you!"

Soon after this conversation, he laid himself down near the fire, thinking it impossible to lose himself for even a minute. But fortunately he was mistaken. Over-wearied nature enforced her law of restoration, and in ten minutes he was sound asleep, and did not wake till the hand of Tom shook him in the gray morning.

"I told you so, Harry!" said the old scout, with an air of triumph, as Henry started up, rubbed his eyes, and looked quickly and wonderingly around him. "I told you you'd put her through in no time, and you done it beautiful!"

"Is it indeed morning?" exclaimed Henry.

"It arn't nothing else, lad."

"Then let us be on the move and make the most of our time!"

"That's your talk, and I'm with you to the death!" said the other. "I knowed you'd want to be a tramping with the fust light, and so I've cooked and eat my breakfast, and toasted enough of meat besides to last us all day."

"God bless you, Tom!" cried Henry.

"Yes, I wants to see that ar' gal ol'ax, purty nigh as bad as you does, and so I've been up and fixed everything fur a start. Ef I looked as ef I tuk it kind o' easy last night, I didn't; but I knowed thar warn't no use o' talking and worrying, and so I made the best on't. Warn't I right?"

"Unquestionably you were, my brave friend! and I must thank you for my feeling wonderfully refreshed by a long, sound sleep."

As soon as it was light enough to see the trail, they set off at a fast walk, Henry feeling in rather better spirits, because of his night's rest and the long day he had before him for active work. They pursued the trail for several hours, without any incident worthy of note; when, after ascending a hill which commanded an extensive view, Henry remarked:

"Tom, does it not strike you that we have been a long way round, and are now coming back to something near where we started?"

"It has so'thing of that look, I'll allow!" replied the other, glancing at the position of the sun, which was dimly visible through a thick haze.

"Methoto must have ridden on a venture in the dark, letting his horse take what course he pleased!" was the correct conjecture of the young artist.

"That's it to a *dot*!" coincided Tom.

"I am so fearful that Blodget and his Indians have overtaken him, wrested Isaline from his clutches, and gone off on the trail of their friends! If we could come upon Methoto alone, we should be two to one; but if the savages have got her in their power, it will be desperate work to rescue her."

"Ef so, we'll hev to dorg thar steps, and lay low, and wait till we kin catch 'em snoozing!" rejoined the fearless woodman. "Agh! when I thinks how we got away from 'tother niggers, I feels as ef we kin do most anything."

"Oh God, be merciful and send her deliverance!" prayed Henry.

Some two hours after this they came to the stream where, it will be remembered, Methoto broke the trail by walking his horse down the bed of it for something like a mile. Here was unexpected trouble and perplexity. The Indians had been at a loss, and had crossed over, and gone up and down the stream on both sides; and there was such a confusion of steps, going backward and forward, crossing and recrossing, that more than once the impatient lover became almost distracted.

Oh, this is terrible!" he groaned; "to be here, doing absolutely nothing, and the sun fast going down!"

"Ef we only knowed which way the devil went, we mought find the eend of this afore the Day of Judgment!" grumbled Tom; "but as it as', Harry, thar's nothing left for it, I spect, but to tramp fust one way and then t'other, up and down, both sides, till we finds it!"

A trail at the best, unless broad and clear, is a slow thing to follow, because there are so many places where the ground, being hard, takes only a faint impression of the passing steps, even when it is a horse, and none at all when it is a moccasined foot; and then the point beyond, where it resumes, has to be found, sometimes by a slow and careful process of search through the whole vicinity; but where it is intentionally broken off in the water, the case becomes still more difficult, as it is impossible to tell whether the party pursued went up or down the stream, and whether they came out on the hither or farther bank. An hour may be consumed in searching a space comprised in a few rods only; but when, as in the instance under notice, the break of the trail has taken the long reach of a mile, it may require hours of the most careful and skillful toil to discover the point of resumption.

Tom and Henry did indeed work for hours, with the most unremitting diligence, before they could find where the horse of Methoto had again struck off through the forest—the search of the party before them making matters worse instead of better; and when at last they did find it, Henry saw, with a feeling of dismay akin to despair, that the sun was only some two or three hours above the horizon.

"Oh, God!" he groaned; "I fear it is fated I shall never behold my dear Isaline again!"

"Never say die, lad! for whar's the use?" responded Tom. "He-yar we is ag'in—all right, you see!"

"But think of the hours we have lost, Tom! such precious hours!"

"I knows it; but then thar warn't no help for't, younker. Jest you wait till I gits hold of that white devil, and see ef I don't break a trail fur him as he won't find ag'in in this yere world!"

"Ah, Tom, I am fearful we shall never see him nor Isaline again!" groaned Henry. "I did have some little faint hope in the morning; but now that I see this day drawing to a close, and nothing accomplished—only at the most a few miles on a trail that was made in a few hours after the flight of Methoto, nearly three days ago—I feel the cold, icy hand of despair taking hold of me!"

"Whar's the use?" returned Tom. "You arn't agwine to gin in, I hopes, and squat yourself down and make a die on't?"

"No, I will go on, and on, till I know the worst, Tom."

"Ef it war any other gal," said Tom, "you'd hev her, sartin as shooting, ef it tuk a month to fotch her; but now you're ready to outer-wallup in three days! This yere comes of getting in what they calls love, I spect. Agh! wagh! shagh! I'm powerful glad as I warn't never cotched in no sich —— finiky operation—no, sir! Woofh! whar's the use?"

They continued to pursue the trail till the heavy shadows of declining day at times made it quite difficult to follow. At last they reached the hill, up which the doomed beast had panted and struggled at the end of his last journey; and on gaining the top of it, and looking down over the fearful cliff, upon the stony beach and the flowing waters of the Kentucky river, Henry suddenly clutched the arm of his companion, and, with eyes wildly glaring with horror, almost shrieked forth the words:

"God of mercy! Look there, Tom! look there!"

Tom turned pale, and every nerve in his strong, hardy frame quivered.

"Poor feller!" he cried, in a voice made husky by such powerful emotions as he had seldom or never felt before in his eventful life; and he drew the almost frantic Henry back from the dizzy verge and the horrid sight that lay below.

A horrid sight indeed, to a lover seeking her who was more to him than all the world beside!

The sun, in a crimson glory, was just beginning to sink behind the western hills; but adown a long, leafy slope of forest, and through a kind of rocky gorge, it poured a red, mellow flood of light, that crossed the river like a stream of blood, and fell, with a strange and almost startling effect, upon the white and glistening bones of a horse and man—all that was now left of the beast and his rider. The vultures had been there, the wolves had been there, and nothing of corrupting flesh remained: only the white and glistening bones, scattered here and there, in strange confusion—the skull of the man and its massive jaws, with its eyeless sockets and long, white teeth, seemingly looking up and grinning through a bath of blood!

What a sight for a lover who believed his mistress had gone down there literally into the Valley of Death!

Henry groaned a few times, like one in mortal agony; and then disengaging himself from the embrace of his rough but sympathetic companion, he sunk down on the ground, clasped his temples with his two hands, and rocked himself to and fro in a fearful silence.

"Don't, Harry, poor feller! don't!" pleaded Tom, who felt that his friend had now arrived at a point of grief where he could offer no consolation. "Don't, Harry! don't, poor feller! Whar's the use?"

For some two or three minutes Henry continued to clasp his temples and rock himself in silence, as if trying to compress his swelling, throbbing brain, and keep himself from going mad. Then he burst out, in a long, agonized moan, that was frightful to hear. It was a moan that seemed to well up from the very depths of his innermost soul, quiver through every nerve and fibre of his mortal being, and at last find vent in a wail of unutterable woe.

"Harry, my poor feller don't!" said Tom, sitting down by his side and fondly placing an arm around his neck. "Don't, my poor Harry! case it can't do no good!"

There came only in response another long, agonized moan, or wail; but this, thank God, was presently followed by a wild burst of tears!

Ah, blessed tears! which in some degree quenched the fire of his brain and saved him from madness!

Then he suddenly threw his arms around Tom, laid his aching head against the rough woodman's manly breast, and fairly sobbed forth:

"Oh, my dear, good friend, it is all over with *her!* but we must find her bones and give them Christian burial. I will kneel over them and pray! and you must pray with me, Tom!"

"I'll do my best, Harry, I will!" said Tom, brushing the tears from his eyes; "fur your sake, lad, I'll do my best—though I'll allow I arn't much at them kind o' things! I can't put a prayer into ary partikerlar kind of a finiky shape; but I spects as how the Lord 'll make out what I means: ef He don't, whar's the use?"

"Come, then, Tom!" cried Henry, starting to his feet; "come! quick! for night will soon be upon us, and we must collect the remains before it is too dark to see!"

The sun had by this time passed behind the western ridge of hills, and the river and the beach already lay in the first shadow of advancing night. By going upward a short distance, our two friends found a place where they could descend the cliff; and a few minutes later they reached the tragic scene, and began to move carefully and searchingly among the white bones—Henry, pale as a ghost, trembling so that he could scarcely stand.

Tom picked up the skull of Methoto, and looking savagely at it for a few moments, muttered, half aloud:

"So, then, you're the devil as fotched all this yere trouble on us, hey? Well, you're dead and gone—lucky fur you—fur ef I'd a got hold o' you alive, I'd a made you see snakes! Yes, sir! Wagh! bagh! whar's the use?"

He threw the skull on the ground, with a look of angry scorn, and continued his search for the skull and bones of poor Isaline, expecting to know them by the size and formation.

"It is strange," said Henry at length, in a tremulous tone, stopping and looking almost wildly into the face of Tom, "it is very strange that I have seen nothing yet that looks like *her* bones!"

"Nyther has I!" returned the woodman.

"Tom!" gasped Henry, grasping an arm of his companion with both hands, and trembling so that his teeth chattered.

"What is it, my poor boy?" asked Tom.

For nearly a minute Henry tried to speak before he could articulate another syllable; and then the words came out, slowly and gaspingly:

"Tom—do you—think it possible—she was not—killed—and has escaped—with life?"

"May be so," answered the other, "for she arn't he-yar—nyther body or bones!"

"Oh, Tom, are you sure?"

"I've seed every bone he-yar, Harry, and I'll sw'ar thar arn't one of 'em hern!"

"God bless you, Tom, for these words! Oh, my God! my God! dare I hope again? Perhaps she was wounded, Tom, and Blodget and his Indians have carried her off alive? Quick, quick, my friend! look, search, and see if they have been here!"

"In course they has, lad. Didn't we foller the niggers to the top of the cliff? and don't you spect as how they'd come down he-yar to see whatsomever they could steal, ef fur nothing else? Whar's Methoto's rifle, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, knife, tomahawk, and them? The wolves didn't eat them, did they? No, sir! Ther's the skins he had on, all torn up in pieces; but whar's the solid things, hey?"

"True! true! Oh, gracious Heaven! my brain seems on fire again! Oh, dare I hope? dare I hope? You think, Tom, they may have carried her off?"

"Prehaps, Harry!"

"Alive, Tom? alive?"

"I don't spect the imps would carry her off dead."

"See what it is, Tom, to pray for one thing and then want another!" cried Henry, almost beside himself with a strange, wild hope. "How I did pray that she might not fall into the hands of Blodget and his Indians; and now I would give half my life to know her living, even if in their power! Oh, to find their trail and follow them! And yet, oh God! here is another night upon us—a long, long night of darkness—in which we can do nothing! nothing! nothing! Oh, wretched, wretched me!"

"Thar arn't nothing for 't, lad, but to wait till morning ag'in!" rejoined Tom.

"Oh, how can I, how can I, pass another night in this awful, racking, torturing suspense?"

"It's powerful hard, Harry!" sighed Tom; "but thar arn't no use of kicking agin what we can't help—no, sir! We've got to do it; and as I don't keer to stay amongst these yere bones, we'll jest climb up the cliff agin and start a fire."

Henry mechanically followed his companion up to the higher ground, where Tom soon collected the materials and started another fire; and there they passed another night—a most wretched night to Henry, who could not sleep for thinking of poor Isaline.

His hope now was that she had been carried off alive by Blodget and his Indians, and that he and his companion might possibly pursue and overtake them; but what would he have thought, and how would he have felt, had he even dreamed that she had been spirited away by the dread Phantom of the Forest?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Back numbers can be supplied containing the whole story.

The Cobra di Capello.

Not long ago a man too tipsy to be cautious was poking up with a stick the *cobra di capello* in one of the cages in the serpent room at the Zoological Gardens, London; the serpent darted and touched the man, who died in exactly ten minutes. The wound was on his nose, and was such as might have been made by the touch of a needle. The snake was killed—why I know not—and Mr. Frank Buckland, the naturalist who had charge of the Gardens, was dissecting its body. Whilst doing so he felt a strange sensation coming over him, and he went out of doors and talked to a workman near by, asking him to drag him to a chemist shop, and beat him to death rather than let him fall to sleep. They did pummel him mercilessly and drag him to an apothecary shop, where he gasped out "Ammonia!" They plied him with ammonia and water, and he recovered. He does not know how the poison was communicated, but thinks he might have cleaned a finger nail with a knife he had used in dissection. It is a curious problem for optimists to consider why such a magazine of destruction as the *cobra* exists. Is it a sewer to drain off the poison of a whole tribe of other animals who are thereby rendered harmless? It is the favorite snake with the eastern snake charmers.

☞ On the 20th of January a trial of endurance, as well as of speed, with regard to the relative merits of Arab and English thoroughbred horses in hot climates, took place in the desert between Cairo and Suez. A pure Arab, belonging to Prince Halim, and an English horse, the property of Mr. Smart, started together from Cairo at seven hours, eleven minutes, thirty seconds, A. M., and at three hours, eight seconds, P. M., the Arab horse reached the goal at Suez, having traversed the distance of ninety miles in seven hours, fifty-six minutes, thirty seconds, while the English competitor broke down nearly eighteen miles from the winning post. Reaumer's thermometer marked thirty degrees, with a high wind blowing.

☞ An old man died at Syracuse, N. Y., last week, aged 106 years, whose hair at the age of 100 years was white, but it subsequently assumed a dark brown color.

☞ Byron had his hands full when he had this adventure:—

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

☞ April Fool Day and Easter Sunday come together this year.

☞ A correspondent of the Hartford Times says he was rather surprised to meet in Hartford the other day a soldier whom he helped bury and read the burial service over in Virginia in the fall of 1863. The fellow was in a trance when he was buried, partly dug himself out of his shallow grave, was discovered by the rebels, helped out, and sent as a prisoner to Richmond for a year, and then to Georgia until the war ended.

☞ France has already paid about $130 000 000, in gold, on account of the Mexican expedition, which is paying dear for so poor a whistle.

☞ A nice little Canadian girl eloped from a Convent, joined and married her lover in Vermont a few days since.

Fashionable Chains.

France has conqoered England at last! To our certain knowledge, ten thousand yards of chains have been sent over in one consignment, solely and purposely for the enchaining of the British maid and matron. If anybody wished really to fetter these charming creatures, how indignantly would they rise up to proclaim the rights of woman, and how soon would they find spoke-women willing to mount the platform on their account! But there are three kinds of chains that ladies *will* consent to wear—the chains of love, which we all know are garlands of roses, the thorns being left for the opposite sex; chains of matrimony, whose weight is, or ought to be, transferred chiefly to the able shoulders of the lords of the creation; and last, and most decidedly, the chains of fashion—a load borne unrepiningly, a servitude that is a boast, a martyrdom wherein is glory, a captivity of enchantment. And now these chains are no longer metaphorical, but actual, real, tangible, metallic—not talked about as a Parisian caprice, but arrived in England.

To become serious, the greatest novelties in the way of trimmings for dresses are the introduction of actual chains, similar to those worn as necklets and bracelets. This very original idea has come into vogue, we understand, since the production and popularity of a piece called the "Famille Benoiton," at one of the French theatres, and in which chains were introduced in the toilettes. Be this as it may, Parisian dresses, mantles, and bonnets are thus decorated. A great variety of silk mantles which we saw at Mr. Jay's mourning warehouse were variously decorated with the new trimming manufactured in ebonite, a material that has the appearance of jet without its brittleness. Some of these mantles had the epaulettes composed of festoons of ebonite chains, others had a sash similarly ornamented, and one was garnished with a long jet chain fixed to the neck behind, slipped over the head, and left, forming double festoons both in front and at the back.

The Wrong Manuscript.—A traveller relates an incident which he witnessed recently while waiting in the cars near this city. In front of him was a gentleman who had indulged in rhyming. He asked a young lady sitting near him if she would like to read his last production. Replying in the affirmative, he pulled a paper from his pocket, and placed it in her hand. But the lady had scarcely commenced reading when the poet exclaimed—"Zounds, madam, I have given you the wrong manuscript. Here is the right one. *That is a recipe for the cure of diarrhœa!*" The lady's embarrassment and the mirth of the spectators may be more readily imagined than described.

☞ A citizen of Lafayette, Ind., presented his wife with four Government bonds on New Year's day, and she deposited them for safe keeping in a bureau drawer, to which the mice obtained access, and destroyed them.

☞ A timid fellow, who, on being challenged to fight a duel, was informed that he had the privilege of selecting weapons, time, place, &c., said he would prefer "pistols and a mile."

☞ So You Might Have Been.—An eminent divine, remarkable for the devoted piety and spotless purity of his character, was heard to say that he never read or heard of a crime in his life, no matter how heinous, without feeling an inward consciousness that under certain conditions of education, training or association, he might have committed the same crime himself. The same feeling must have been experienced more or less by all reflecting, enlightened men; and yet—and yet, how little charity there is in the world!

☞ A verdant couple, married by the Mayor of Terre Haute, Ind., after spending about four months of honey moon, or rather vinegar moon, came back and very innocently asked to have the knot untied.

☞ Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the Bride of Abydos in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

☞ Moore had the petroleum fever when he sung, "Oh, had I some sweet little isle of my own"—but perhaps he meant (as he said) "sweet ile."

☞ Rev. Mr. Stebbins having been hissed in San Francisco, turned upon his assailant with, "I hear a hiss; did ever a word of truth drop into the vortex of hell without sending up a hiss?"

☞ The well known French actress, M'lle Dejazet, who still keeps to the stage, in spite of her seventy-five years, is now making a tour in the French provinces.

☞ The Body Avenged.—By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind which rules the body ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the latter is never generous and amiable enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.

☞ If we are loved by those around us, we can bear the hostility of all the rest of the world; just as if we were before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the Polar regions.

☞ Some things come by odd names. The most uncommon quality in man is called "common sense;" a paper half a mile long is a "brief;" and a melancholy ditty, devoid of sense and meaning, is a "glee."

☞ In the gallery of the theatre in Crow street, Dublin, one night, a coal porter made himself disagreeable. There was a yell of "Throw him over," followed by the exquisitely droll idea, "Don't waste him; kill a fiddler wid him."

☞ Judge Mason gave an interesting opinion in the New York Supreme Court on Friday as to the duties of hotel-keepers. A guest at the Lafarge House was robbed of a watch, his rings and scarf-pin, together with two hundred dollars in money, and on suing, the proprietor set up in defence that the rule of the house (under the statute of the state) required valuables to be deposited in the safe of the office. The judge, however, charged that this did not apply to a watch, or such jewelry as a man usually carried about his person, nor to such amounts of money as were usually carried in the pockets of travellers to supply ordinary necessities.

☞ The *Opinion Nationale*, of Paris, says:—"A singular incident marked the second ball at the Tuileries. The wife of Seyfet Pacha, the Ambassador of the Porte, appeared in an European costume, with her face uncovered. She is perhaps the first Turkish lady who has thus openly discarded the national prejudices of her countrywomen. She wore an elegant Parisian toilet, and danced several mazurkas with grace and distinction."

Becoming a Medium.

The fascinating spiritual rappings are without doubt gaining strength among us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of them at times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones.

A few nights since, within this week, a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering skeptic, had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed with the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirit on the table, indeed!

"Who's there?"

There was no answer—and the noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. [Aloud.] If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify the same by saying 'aye'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three taps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine taps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down into the hall, and his great coat off altogether.

☞ A gentleman residing in the vicinity of Memphis, Tennessee, has, it is believed, the largest dog in the United States. It is an imported Siberian bloodhound, seven feet eight inches in length, thirty-three inches across the chest, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. He is eleven months old.

☞ A novel lawsuit recently came off at Eagle Bridge, Vermont. It seems that one Jack Breese, of Hoosick, was "skating for the drinks" at the new hotel at Hoosick Corners, with the proprietor, and losing had not the amount necessary to liquidate the claim, whereupon "mine host" very urbanely removed the hat from the head of the unlucky Breese, determined to apply it towards rubbing out the debt. But Breese "couldn't see the point," and so brought a suit against the landlord for the recovery of the hat, as also for damages, he having contracted a bad cold from the exposure of his cranium to the elements. The result of the trial was that Breese recovered his hat and $5 as damages.

☞ A Wisconsin farmer tried making molasses from the stalks of sweet corn, and found it yielded as much as sorghum, and it is of a better quality.

☞ Impoliteness.—Recently, in Syracuse, New York, a young man, going home from his work, met three ladies walking abreast on the sidewalk. To get past them, rudeness or the gutter was his only alternative. He chose the gutter, slipped upon a piece of ice, fell, and dislocated his arm, besides severely bruising other portions of his body. The young man will be confined to the house for weeks, and all for want of politeness on the part of the ladies he met. Such ladies, we regret to say, are occasionally met with in this city as well as in Syracuse.

☞ The most astounding piece of news yet, is the statement that the bonds of the Irish Republic are being extensively *counterfeited*.

☞ Seven thousand copies of Whittier's "Snow-bound" were sold on the day of publication.

☞ A pair of lovers, fleeing from stern and cruel parents, were married in the cars near St. Louis the other day. Papa telegraphed to the conductor to send his daughter back; but he telegraphed back: "Never return a *fair* on this road."

☞ The gradual and certain approach to specie payments is what the honor and interests of the country demand.

☞ A baby left in a hotel in Iowa, was raffled for and won by childless Mrs. Kelser.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market presents no new feature; sales of 6000 bbls, in lots, at $8,25 for common Lancaster county family, up to $9,25 for good North-western, including some Pennsylvania and Ohio at $9,25@10; superfine at $6,25@7, and fancy at $11 to $15 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour sells at $4,75.

GRAIN—The market is very poorly supplied with good Wheat. Sales of 700 bus at $2@2,40 for common to choice red. Small sales of Pennsylvania Rye at 85@90c. Corn—Sales of 5000 bus at 70c in store, and 71c afloat. Oats—1700 bus of Pennsylvania sold at 49½c.

PROVISIONS—The sales are in a retail way only, at former rates; small lots of new Mess Pork are reported at $26,50@27 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams, at 20@25c, Pickled do at 18c, and Lard in bbls and tcs at 19c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of roll at 50@60c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 23@25c ₩ doz.

COTTON—Sales of 850 bales middling at 41@43c, including some low middling at 37@40c, and samples at 34c.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is selling in a small way at $49 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 42½@43c, cash.

FEATHERS are being disposed of at 65@80c for common and prime Western.

FRUIT—Green Apples range from $2,50 to 6 ₩ bb; dried do sell at 8@10c for old and new, and dried Peaches at 12@13c for quarters; 18@19c for halves, and 22@30c for pared.

HOPS—Sales new Eastern and Western at 60@80c.

SEEDS—There is a fair inquiry for good and prime Cloverseed, with sales 200 bus at $5@6. Timothy, 300 bus sold at $3,50. Flaxseed sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is selling in a small way at $2,00. Whiskey; sales Penna and refined at $2,25@2,26 and Ohio at $2,28.

TALLOW—There is a fair trade doing at 11½@11¾c for city rendered, and 11c cash for country.

WOOL—About 90,000 lbs changed hands at 50c for quarter blood, up to 60c for full blood, and 63c for fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 15½@16½c ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 7@8 cts ₩ lb. 1900 Hogs sold at from $13,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Can't Go to the Club.

It is a pleasure of lovers to be tended with gentle hand, to be comforted with gentle words, to be pillowed on a soft breast throbbing with love, and forgiveness, and tender pity. Then, when my man's strength is gone, and I am as weak and helpless as any child, I know how selfish men are, and what a deep pure well of devotion is a woman's heart. When we are full of health and strength we go away from home-women, go to our dinners, and clubs, and amusements, leaving them to their dull routine, sometimes keeping them waiting and watching for us through the weary night. They do certainly give us a bit of their mind occasionally—they would be perfect angels if they did not; but when sickness strikes us down, the harsh word is hushed into a whisper of sympathy, the angry eye melts with an expression of tenderness and pity. And with all their little injuries struggling with love upon their lips, they do not permit themselves to utter more than the gentle sarcasm, "You cannot go to the club now, can you, dear?"

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In the steel plate for the April number, "Waking," we find the usual superiority maintained by this magazine, for exquisite naturalness and high artistic finish. It is a sweet heart-picture of waking endearments between mother and child; the clear sunrise streaming through the broidering vines about the lattice and lighting up the scene—morning light and morning life, both pure, both fragrant with the breath of Heaven. The fashion plate is as usual unsurpassed. We sometimes wonder how it is that the publishers invariably secure this point. Even when the same artists have been at work there seems to be an unconscious favoritism that reserves for The Lady's Friend their best efforts and most signal successes. Very appropriately in this April number the children, spring buds of man and women, have it all to themselves, and an uncommonly pretty, graceful group they make. The wood cut illustrating "The Forsaken Wife" is full of tragic pathos; a winter scene, dreary and desolate as the heart of the sufferer.

Then follow a few of the wood cuts that every month offer their timely assistance to the ladies toward making a pleasing appearance—that important part of the business of life. A captivating bertha, a breakfast dress, useful and elegant in design, and a high bodice with basque, the front of which is ingeniously reflected from a mirror, are some of these. For music we find "Maiden's Eyes," a song from Festus—music by F. Schelling. For literary matter there is "Echo Vale," a story of a smuggler's cave; "Maud's Temptation," picturing for parents the evil influences of some fashionable boarding-schools; "Rescued by a Ghost;" the continued story, "Zillah," the denouement of which seems very uncertain, and the rival characters so winning the reader's interest that even his wishes as to the ending are in a state of indecision; "The Lock of Golden Hair," a fantastic rhyme from the rich and graceful fancy of August Bell; the tale of "The Forsaken Wife," told with such truth and power that no man or woman can read it unmoved; and "Uncle Richard," the moral of which is excellent.

The Work Table patterns for embroidery, dresses, &c., we commend to the industrious fair. The Editor's Department, Book Notices, Receipts and Fashions, conclude our list of attractions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.
An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 141 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND,
is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.
THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.
Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally
GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass
feb10-3m

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—It is a real pleasure to us to speak favorably of this article, known almost universally to be a good and safe remedy for burns and other pains of the body. It is valuable not only for colds in the winter, but for various summer complaints, and should be in every family. The casualty which demands it may come unaware.—*Christian Advocate.* ap7-4t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When life is uncertain and the transition swift from health to disease, 'tis strange that people are so negligent, for many who annually expend thousands of dollars to preserve their property begrudge the investment of a solitary dollar in these medicines for the insurance of life and health. Sold everywhere.

FOR COLDS, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, and all affections of the Lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is sure to cure them. ap7-2t

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.
We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Cures	"Tetter."
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"Itch"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	By sending 80 cents to	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Dr. Swayne & Son,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Tetter."
"Itch"	age paid, to any address.	"Tetter."

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FITS! FITS! FITS!
Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $26. jan27-eow10t

Another Testimonial to the Colton Dental Association, 737 Walnut St., Philada.
(From the N. Y. Evangelist.)
"We are slow to believe in the efficacy of new remedies that are offered to the public; but the frequent testimony of clergyman and others of our acquaintance assured us that Dr. COLTON, whose office is No. 737 WALNUT street, has, at last, found means of extracting teeth ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN. Dr. Colton is the recipient of innumerable numbers of letters and testimonials from well known, influential citizens of Philadelphia and New York.
mar31 2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr ALBERT ROBERTS to Miss SALLIE STEWART, both of this city.
On the 22d of March, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr DANIEL DUTWILER to Miss MARY A. REIFF, both of this city.
On the 11th of March, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. JOHN L. VANNAMAN to Miss ELIZA GOUL, both of this city.
On the 22d of March, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. HENRY J. LUCE to Miss MARY J. COOPER, both of this city.
On the 22d of March, by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann, JULIUS SENTHORST, Esq., to Miss FRANCES P. GAGNEL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of March, BENJAMIN DUNCIS, in his 90th year.
On the 26th of March, ESTHER KNIGHT, in her 76th year.
On the 24th of March, DENNIS P. CLINE, in his 39th year.
On the 25th of March, SAMUEL C. COOPER, in his 69th year.
On the 25th of March, ARTHUR T. KENNE, late 1st lieut. 23d regt. P. V., aged 23 years.
On the 26th of March, WILLIAM G. STEVENSON, in his 26th year.
On the 24th of March, Mr. ANTHONY FELTEN, in his 51st year.
On the 23d of March, Miss MARY CLARK, in her 73d year.

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Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.
It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
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It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.
Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.
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PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.40	"
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—
No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
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Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.
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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
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A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, mar24-13t Parkman, Ohio.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.—These plasters have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains of the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections,—in all these cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.
DR. I. T. HENDERSON'S LETTER.
FARMVILLE, Louisiana, March 8, 1859.
DR. T. ALLCOCK,—*Sir:* I have been suffering under a severe attack of *neuralgic disease* of my bowels for years, with *hypertrophy of the heart*, and have tried everything known to the practice of medicine from the very best M. D.'s: but truth prompts me to say that your plasters have given me more permanent relief than anything else I have used, and I believe will produce a perfect cure.
The counter-irritant effect of your plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use.
Yours, very truly,
I. T. HENDERSON, M. D.
Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York. By the yard or single plaster. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines. ap7-2teow

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CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY.—SEVERAL valuable patents for sale. Shop's as low as $10, Towns $20, Cities $30, Counties $40, and States $50 and up. Terms the very easiest ever known. Address communication, with stamp, A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J. mar 17-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Dying for his Crumpets.

Who can forget the glorious story of "the man as killed himself on principle," narrated by Mr. Pickwick's faithful friend and servant?

"Wot's the matter?" says the doctor.

"Werry ill," says the patient.

"Wot have you been a eatin' on?" says the doctor.

"Roast weal," says the patient.

"Wot's the last thing you devoured?" says the doctor.

"Crumpets," says the patient.

"That's it," says the doctor; "I'll send you a box of pills directly, and don't you never take no more of 'em," he says.

"No more of wot," says the patient, "pills?"

"No, crumpets," says the doctor.

"Why," says the patient, starting up in bed; "I've eat four crumpets every night for fifteen years, on principle!"

"Well, then, you'd better leave them off on principle," says the doctor.

"Crumpets is wholesome, sir," says the patient.

"Crumpets is not wholesome, sir," says the doctor, werry fierce.

"But they're so cheap," says the patient, coming down a little, "and so werry fillin' at the price."

"They'd be dear to you at any price; dear if you was paid to eat 'em," says the doctor. "Four crumpets a night," he says, "will do your business in six months!"

The patient looks full in the face, and turns it over in his mind for a long time, and at last he says—

"Are you sure of that ere, sir?"

"I'll stake my professional reputation on it," says the doctor.

"How many crumpets at a sitting do you think 'ud kill me off at once?" says the patient.

"I don't know," says the doctor.

"Do you think a half crown's wurth 'ud do it?" says the patient.

"I think it might," says the doctor.

"Three shillins' wurth 'ud be sure to do it, I s'pose," says the patient.

"Certainly," says the doctor.

"Werry good," says the patient; "good-night."

Next morning he gets up, has a fire lit, orders in three shillings' worth of crumpets, toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out.

Boswell's account of something of the same kind, is infinitely more prosaic, less dramatic. He says:

"Mr. ———, (supposed to be Johnson's friend, Mr. Fitzherbert,) who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he ate three buttered muffins before breakfast before shooting himself, knowing he should not be troubled with indigestion."

Josh Billings on Waterfalls.

I rather like waterfalls. I kant tell why, enny more than I kan tell why I love kaster ile—but ile is good for a laxyness in the system. I don't like laxyness ov any sort—not even in musketers. I want my musketers lively. But aul this is foregn to mi purpose. I like waterfalls—they are so easy and natural. They attack all the sex. Some they attack with great fury, while others they approach more like a siege, working up slowly. I saw one yesterday. It was no bigger than a small French turnip. It had attacked a small woman ov only nine summers' duration. She was full of recreation, and when she bounded along the sidewalk (it wuz on the west side of St. Clair street in the city of Cincinnaty, foremost Baker & Davis's yellow sope store,) the waterfall histed up and down in an oscillating manner, resembling much the sportive terminus of a bobtailed jam in a great hurry. The effect was purely electrick. I also saw another one pretty soon, which belonged to a mature matron. She might have saw 75 summers, her hair was white as flour (Perkins "A," worth 15 a barrel, delivered;) but the waterfall was black. I asked a bystander how he could account for that. He said "it was younger." I also saw another one pretty soon, which was the property of a gusher. She was about nineteen years old, and was as ripe as a two year old peach. She swept the streets like a thing of life. Men stopped to gaze as she passed, and put in a new chew of tobacco. Little boys pocketed their marbles in silence. Her waterfall was about the size of a corn-basket turned inside out. It was inclosed in a common skap net and kivered with blazing diamonds of glass. It shone in the frisky sun like the tin dome on the Court House, where the supervisors meet. But I rather like waterfalls. It has been sed that they would run out, but this, I think, is a error, for they don't show any leak yet. In the language of the expiring Canadian on our Northern frontieer, I say—"Viva la Bag-a-t-l."

VERY NATURAL.—Little Freddie was told one day that he mustn't eat raw dried apples without chewing them up very fine, or they would swell in him and make him very big. Two or three days afterwards he ran home in a great flurry, to tell that he had seen a great big man, "more'n so *big!*" stretching his little arms at full length; "and I guess he's been eatin' dried apples, without chewin' 'em?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AGRICULTURAL INTEGRITY.

A few brief remarks that one day not very long since, we blundered into and out of, under the heading of *Agricultural Honesty*, drew from an able head, and apt hand—signing for both—"*A Farmer*"—one of our respectable Pennsylvania yeomanry—"to the manor-born," a communication a little in praise, something in protest, and in all a generous, manly defence of agricultural integrity; though nothing covering the sins of a dishonest farmer as an individual, or seeking to do so.

"*A Farmer*" laughs at us just a little for buying short weight butter of knaves in our city markets, who come in the guise of farmers, cheating us, and bringing *real* farmers into disrepute by their knavish practices. Our friend, *A Farmer*, says, after quoting our declaration, "Here is a countryman in one of our public markets, who to-day has three dozen prints of butter taken from him by the clerk of the market for being found light weight. Well, next market day, here he is again, selling butter just as fast as ever, and perhaps just as light weight." "*Here is evidently a grave error of fact* (that is the way our friend charges us with going round the truth). If Cosmo was obliged to refrain from eating butter until he discovered an idiot such as he has described, in shape of a regular farmer, he would doubtless become familiar with the doctrine of total abstinence. 'A burnt child dreads the fire.' Upon the same principle, if nothing better should govern, the most careless *farmer* would guard against a repetition of such a mortifying experience."

We are unable to discover as yet why in such an instance a *farmer* should take the hint and put on prudence sooner than the man who really *did* sell that butter very light weight indeed, and has done so five several times, in which he has been detected within the past eight months, which we are prepared to prove by the clerk of the market. Are farmers more apt to "*dread* the fire," than other people? or are they really *sharper*, or more persevering under difficulties, friend Farmer? You misunderstood us if you imagined we had an idea of impugning the integrity of farmers as a class, upon the exhibition of individual roguery.

We don't know whether the man was a farmer or a fool. We believe he is the latter, and he has the reputation of being the former. *A Farmer* says: "It is doubtful whether one-third of those who in the Philadelphia markets assume to be farmers, are really exclusively such; for it is notorious that dealers, *shinners*, and hucksters are extensively engaged in palming themselves off as such upon unsuspecting citizens."

True—every word of it, as the Epistle of Paul to the Romans, and citizens and farmers are alike the victims of such unprincipled knaves. It would be far better for both, if the race of bloodsuckers and pretenders were by some means to become as extinct as the mammoth. Farmers would be largely the gainers in reputation, and both parties would be immensely benefitted in pocket.

But don't you see, friend *Farmer*, it is not the citizen purchaser's place to prove pretended sheep to be wolves. If an individual says to us, "I am a farmer—I live in the country—make my own butter, and *lay my own eggs*," we are just as likely to believe him as any other stranger, especially if we find he has sold us bad eggs and light weight butter.

Our *Farmer* friend believes that the standard of agricultural integrity is a great deal higher in the interior than the neighborhood of any of our cities and towns. Just our opinion precisely, and so are all our friend's sentiments, except his hint that we went round the truth about that butter seller. On the whole, *A Farmer's* communication is so good a one, that we wish it were a trifle shorter, or our "*column*" considerably longer.

Next in order comes a very sensible Jersey-man, discussing cleverly a subject that ought to have been discussed twenty times more than it has been.

Mr. "HEALTH" you have the floor.

PORK OR POULTRY?

Editors of Saturday Evening Post:—About four years since I sent to the North American an article on the subject of substituting poultry for pork. I mention this in order to show that the idea has not arisen in my mind from the present "unwholesome" excitement, but from mature reflection. I have long been convinced that pork in an unsuitable article of diet, not only because it was forbidden so long ago as the time of Moses, and has been for ages prohibited by nations, ancient and modern, but from the impression that the use of pork very largely contributes to scrofulous and other diseases of the worst nature. My present purpose is simply to inquire of your agricultural readers, or rather the growers of this sort of food, whether the food now fed to hogs would fatten an equal quantity of poultry; if not, what then is the difference? How much corn would suffice for 100 lbs. of pork? and how far would the same amount of corn go in the fattening of 100 lbs. of turkey? I have been met with the objection that "hard working laborers require more substantial food than turkey:" Well, then, give them a good slice of beef. Again, our pie and cake bakers demand lard; and so does the process of frying, &c. Well, substitute butter. "What, at 70 cents a pound?" Kill off the hogs, "wipe out the last scrofulous grease spot," and feed your corn to the cows, then butter will be as cheap as lard, and a thousand times better. "But the poultry will not keep." Yes it will, if rightly managed. I once partook of a sweet, fresh dish of fowl, that had been three years on board a vessel of war. However, it will be time to settle the details when we know how far the hog corn will go in feeding turkeys; though I do not know that even that difference will be of any consequence with corn at ten cents a bushel; or used for fuel, as it now is out west. Can any of the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* favor the lovers of turkey with an estimate of the relative cost of hog and poultry? HEALTH.

Camden, N. J., March 9, 1866.

Being first and longest in possession of the queries propounded by "*Health*," we take the initial in reply, asking as many as will, to follow us on either side—pork or poultry, as they please.

In five of the western states, from whence comes a large majority of all classes of pork meats, the opinion of those in the best position to know, is that in fattening hogs, the average requirement is about six pounds of corn to make a pound of pork. In feeding store hogs to make growth, the requirement is a fraction more—say six and a quarter pounds. Probably the rate would be just for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and New York also.

ON THE ICE.

Being helped along a slide by some one else's brother, and——

Being helped along by one's own brother.

Then supposing our corn to be worth ninety cents per bushel, our pound of pork has cost us about nine cents, and farmers receive just now on an average about eleven cents per pound, taking all "cuts" together. The consumer pays the average rate of sixteen cents per pound, with the possibility of purchasing a few *trichinæ* at the same rate. In a pound of ordinary pork, not too fat, or salt, there is about twenty-nine per cent. of aliment proper—or that material which goes to make *man* in the totality.

Now let us take a turkey. We have experimented with them—know them better than we do pigs, and base our argument upon something we understand. A brood of turkeys in one season will come up from nothing, or at most but the value of an egg, and when the time for feeding arrives, if a fair Dr. and Cr. account had been kept, the farmer would find himself indebted to every turkey of the brood some sixty-two cents or so on account of worms, bugs, beetles, and grasshoppers destroyed, and on an average, nine pounds of turkey—putting it at a minimum rate, 11 cents—very close to a dollar.

Ground, and judiciously fed, four and a half pounds of corn will put a pound of flesh on a young turkey, and the average of added weight by feeding will be about five pounds in three to four weeks. Take ninety cents again as the price of corn, and we have for the five pounds of added flesh twenty-two and a half pounds of corn—63¾ cents. Say that turkeys sold for twenty cents, (they have averaged over thirty these three years past,) and we have $1 for our 22½ lbs. of corn.

Now, as a year old roost turkey affords about fifty-six and a half per cent. of *man making* material, the balance is largely in favor of a turkey diet even for laboring men.

Still we are opposed to the total annihilation of pork. We believe in lard as a convenience and necessity in cooking, we would vote still for a dish of ham and eggs, a slice of nice boiled ham, and a plethoric little "roaster" occasionally. Pure lard does not induce scrofula, no danger of the *cestoids* from it. The trying out scorching has fixed their flints; and in cooking, lard has many places that butter can never supply.

But as poultry—not only turkeys, but geese, ducks and chickens can, as a rule, be more profitably raised and fattened than pork, and as all of them afford a more wholesome and nourishing diet, we vote with "Health." Wipe out the pork grease spots—come out from our scrofulous practices—stand back pigs—poultry to the front.

We shall be pleased to hear more from "Health."

RECEIPTS.

SPRING SOUP.—Cut an equal quantity of carrots, turnips, onions, and leeks; stew them in some good stock; then add some French beans, peas, bean cucumbers, asparagus tops, lettuces, sorrel, and chervil; add a little bit of white sugar; let these reduce to nearly a glaze; then add them to some stock thickened with green peas rubbed through a tammy. The soup might be thickened, to vary it, with asparagus rubbed through a tammy; in this case all the vegetables should be strained off, and some asparagus tops served only in the soup.

PALESTINE SOUP.—Take Jerusalem artichokes according to the quantity of soup required to be made, cut them in slices, with a quarter of a pound of butter, two or three onions and turnips, sliced also into a stewpan, and stew over a very slow fire till done enough, and thin it with good veal stock. Just before you serve, at the last boil, add a quarter of a pint of good cream. This is an excellent soup. Season to taste with a little salt and cayenne.

SAVORY SALT BEEF.—The tongue side of a round of beef is the best for the purpose. If it weighs 15 lbs., take 3 oz. of saltpetre, 1 oz. of coarse sugar, ½ oz. black pepper, the same of allspice, mace, cloves, and ginger, some minced sweet and savory herbs, and ½ lb. of common salt. Pound all these ingredients in a mortar, and rub the meat well with it daily for a fortnight. In the regular and thorough rubbing of salt meat is the whole secret. When the beef is to be cooked, put it into a pan with a quart of water, cover the meat with 2 lbs. of mutton suet shredded rather large, and an onion or two minced small; cover the whole with a flour crust, and let it bake in a moderate heated oven for about five or six hours. When you send it to table, cover the top of the beef with finely-chopped parsley. The liquor and suet remaining in the pan can all be made use of for frying and for sauces.—"*The Cook's Oracle.*"

ORANGE SPONGE.—Dissolve 1½ oz. of gelatine in half a pint of water, add the juice of one lemon and the grated peel, ½ lb. of lump sugar, and a pint of orange juice; whisk all together for twenty minutes, then put into a mould slightly buttered.

AZUMEA SILVER CAKE.—Mix together two teacupsful of white sugar and half a teacupful of butter, then add the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; add to this one teacupful of cold water, and after it is well combined, stir in three teacupsful of sifted flour—sprinkle two teaspoonsful of Azumea over the batter, and stir it briskly for five minutes.

AZUMEA GOLD CAKE.—Make like silver cake, only use the yolks of four eggs, and instead of mixing the sugar and butter together, first beat up the yolks; then add the sugar and stir it well; next the butter, and so on.

PASTE.—Strong (or bookbinders') paste is made by mixing flour first in cold water, and boiling it till it becomes sufficiently thick; then mix in of powdered alum a fourth, fifth, or sixth of the weight of flour originally used, and if required still stronger, a little pounded rosin. Superior paste: Mix flour and water with a little brown sugar, and a very small quantity of corrosive sublimate in powder; boil it till sufficiently thick and smooth. A drop or two of oil of lavender or bergamot will prevent the paste turning mouldy.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—Dr. Paillon, of St. Foy, France, announces a new method of curing a cold in the head. It consists in inhaling through the nose the emanations of ammonia contained in a smelling bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be reapplied after a minute, the second application, however, should not be long, that the patient may bear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretion of the irritating mucus is stopped. This remedy is said to be peculiarly advantageous to singers.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 4, 9, 1, 6, 21, 17, is an esculent root.
My 18, 2, 11, 10, 6, 20, is a man's name.
My 8, 5, 18, 3, 15, is a number.
My 20, 6, 16, 12, 18, 11, 7, is a plant.
My 14, 19, is a pronoun.
My whole is a story very much admired by the readers of the Saturday Evening Post.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With curtains drawn and lights around us,
As chill evening's shadows come,
'Tis then my first in glowing lustre,
Fills with comfort every home.
All vegetation yields my second,
Animals produce it well;
And chemistry the same is forming,
Daily, by its science spell.
My whole the earth holds in profusion,
To be brought forth at command—
Another myst'ry whose unveiling
Makes the richness of our land.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the human face.
My second is a shivering from cold.
My third is a vowel.
My whole is a small animal found in South America, producing a fur of the same name, much used in this country.

ANNA SCATTERGOOD.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A kind of root.
A part in music.
A mechanical power.
A piece of ordinance.
An animal.
A cloth measure.
My initials and finals form two colors.

S. H. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

John and William bought a loaf of sugar in the shape of a cone, the base 4 and the altitude 6 inches; which they agree to divide between them by a plane passing through the extremity of the base diameter and terminating in the slant side, so that the convex surfaces may be equal. If the loaf of sugar is worth $1.50; how much should each pay, provided John took the less part and James the greater?

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where shall a pole sixty feet high be broken that the top may rest on the ground twenty feet from the stump? FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Bryan, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two circles, whose diameters are 50 and 58 rods, have their centres united by a line 132 rods long. I wish to describe another circle, whose diameter is 104 rods, with its centre somewhere on the connecting line, so that the aggregate quantity cut off by it from the other two circles shall be a minimum. Required—the distance of its centre from the centres of the other two circles.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain sperical polygon of 5 sides, the angles are respectively, 113, 112, 107, 108, and 120 degrees; the diameter of the sphere is 20 inches. Required—the surface of the spherical polygon. S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the expulsion? Ans.—Adamantine (Adam ain't in.)

☞ Why are pretty women like barking dogs? Ans.—Because they show their teeth and don't bite.

☞ What is the difference between a chattering lover and a pedestrian excursion through Wales? Ans.—One is a talking wooer, and the other is a walking tour.

☞ Where is paper money first mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—When the dove brought the green-back to Noah.

☞ Which man wears the largest hat? Ans.—The one with the largest head.

☞ Why is a cat on the top of a house like an orange? Ans.—Because she looks round.

☞ What comes after cheese? Ans.—Mouse.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Lena and Frank Weir, Elizabeth, Ill. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Ulysses Sidney Grant. ENIGMA—President Johnson, Generals Grant and Meade, and Admiral Farragut. DOUBLE REBUS—Jackson and Lincoln. (Jewel—Altai—Kennebec—Stucco—owl—noggin.)

ANSWER TO THE BALL PROBLEM.

Roll both balls down an inclined plane. The gold ball to be only equal in size and weight to the silver one, must be a *hollow* sphere. Then while the heart, or centre of the silver ball travels down the plane in nearly a direct line—gravity pulling at it uniformly, a portion of the gold ball is revolving around the circumference of the hollow centre, and of course the silver ball will reach the foot of the plane first.

COSMO.